



D. WATTS.

Engraved by Deller from an original Picture in the possession of Mr. Henry Newington.
London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand May 17th 1782.



DR. WATTS.

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WATTS'S PSALMS
 THE FORTY-FOURTH PSALM
 CONSIDERATION
 CHAUCER'S CHURCH.



WATTS'S PSALMS
 In vain the Rebel seeks to stand
 In Judgment with the Lions race.

Richard del.

Granger sculp.

London Printed for John Bell British Library Strand June 9. 1782.



THE *Gal 11 Db*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that soul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with such a grace and ease,
Loaded with pond'rous sense, — We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employ'd the bless'd, what makes their bliss;
Songs such as WATTS's are, and long like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verse! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praise.
No vulgar themes thy pious Muse engages;
No scenes of lust pollute thy sacred page:
You in majestic numbers mount the skies,
And meet descending angels as you rise,
Whose just applauses charm the crowded groves,
And Addison thy tuneful song approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each sprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muse is thine. } — BRITANNICUS.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

For every school of Music is there
To turn the baselines of each friendly line
Not harmony and melody alone form
And addition the musical language
Whole and separate charm the vocal strains
And most delicately and as possible
You in English numbers sing the praise
No language can pollute the sacred name
No vulgar license the shrine
Of a young bard that dwells in
southern of sacred verse I care
Sings such as WATTS's angels
What is the employment of their bliss:
When like his narrow round of
I looked with boundless heart
And how it rose with such a power
That seemed that soul which answers each line
say, "Heaven's strength!" whence that sustaining force?



GROVE

VOL. I.
EDINBURGH:
AT THE SCOTCH BOOKS, BY THE MARRIAGE
JAMES 1831.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ISAAC WATTS, D.D.
VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS
PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of

THE NEW TESTAMENT,

And applied to

THE CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP,

WITH PREFACE, NOTES, INDEXES,

&c. &c. &c.

*Luke xxiv. 44. All things must be fulfilled which were written in—
the Psalms concerning me.*

*Heb. xi. 32. — David, Samuel, and the Prophets, ver. 40. — That
they without us should not be made perfect.*

Hail, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphick numbers dost thou hast
To gain thy native skies. — *thought sublime*
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lyre. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. **STANDEN.**

Seraphick heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. **PHILOMELA.**

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1782.

28-1-2014

THE LIFE OF
DR. ISAAC WATTS†.

It has been so usual to prefix some account of an author's life to his works, that many persons would not doubt be disappointed of their expectation, and would look upon the book as imperfect, without something of that sort. It is not because there is no surviving friend of the Doctor's who would willingly pay that respect to his memory as to write the history of his life that the reader is not gratified in this respect with so large a narrative as he would probably desire, but it is because the Doctor himself while living disapproved it; for when he has been desired to leave some memoirs that might furnish out such a history he absolutely declined it, and desired that his character might stand in the world merely as it would appear in his Works. Besides, as the Doctor's feeble state of health through the greater part of his life obliged him to pass the most of his time in retirement from the world, not so many incidents and changes occurred in his life (which was for the most part led on in one even track) as generally furnish out a good part of such histories; (and that by the way makes it truly wonderful how he acquired such a knowledge of the

† Taken from the Account of Dr. Watts's Life and Character prefixed to the quarto edition of his Works in six vols. printed in 1753.

world and of mankind as appears in his writings, and it shews him to have been a very curious and judicious observer of every thing that lay within his notice) though yet an entertaining and useful narrative might have been formed by interspersing it with letters which he wrote to his friends on various occasions, many of which might probably have been picked up; but it is in deference to his judgment, and indeed in compliance with his desire, that none of them are published: for on the publication of some letters to particular friends along with an author's life some years ago, the Doctor expressed his disapprobation of such a practice, and was pleased to say "that if he knew "any body who would publish his letters after he was "dead he should not thank him for it." Those letters must therefore remain in the private hands of his friends to whom they were inscribed, and by whom many of them are prized more than gold. However, in some sort to comply with custom, as well as to preserve the memory of so amiable a character and so instructive an example as Dr. Watts's was, it is thought proper on this occasion to republish the following brief Memoirs of his Life and Character from his funeral sermon preached by Dr. Jennings to the church of which he was pastor Dec. 11. 1748.

"Dr. Isaac Watts was born at Southampton July 17. 1674, of parents who were eminent for religion, and were considerable sufferers for conscience sake in

the persecution of the Protestant Dissenters in King Charles II'd's reign. The uncommon genius of this their son appeared betimes, for he began to learn Latin at four years old, in the knowledge of which as well as of the Greek language he made a swift progress under the care of the Rev. Mr. Pinhorne, a clergyman of the established church, to whom the Doctor has inscribed an ingenious Latin ode in his *Hora Lyrica*. He was early taken notice of for the sprightliness and vivacity of his wit, talents which too often prove fatal snares to young persons; but he through the distinguishing grace of God was not only preserved from criminal follies, but had a deep sense of religion upon his heart betimes. In the year 1690 he was sent up to London for academical education, where he was placed under the tuition of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Rowe, to whom also he has inscribed an ode in his *Hora Lyrica*. I have been credibly informed that while he resided in this college of learning his behaviour was not only so inoffensive that his tutor declared he never once gave him any occasion for reproof, but so exemplary that he often proposed him as a pattern to his other pupils for their imitation. In the year 1693 he joined in communion with the church of which his worthy tutor was pastor. When he had finished his course of studies at the academy he returned to his father's house, where he spent two years more in reading, meditation, and prayer, in order to

his being further qualified and fitted for that great work to which he was determined to devote his life, and of the awful importance of which he had a deep sense upon his mind. From hence he was invited in the year 1696, by that eminently pious and learned gentleman Sir John Hartopp Bart. deceased, to reside in his family at Stoke-Newington, as tutor to his son, the present Sir John, where he continued four years, and where his behaviour won him such esteem and respect as laid the foundation of that intimate friendship which subsisted between his worthy pupil and him to the day of his death.

But while he assisted Sir John's studies he did not neglect his own; for not only did he further improve himself in those branches of learning in which more especially he assisted his pupil, but applied himself to the reading of the Scriptures in the original tongues, and the best commentators both critical and practical.

He began to preach on his birthday 1698, and was the same year chosen Assistant to the Rev. Dr. Isaac Chauncy, then pastor of this church: but his publick labours, which met with general acceptance, were soon after interrupted by a threatening illness for five months, which was thought to be occasioned by the fervour of his zeal in preaching the glorious gospel of Christ. However that did not discourage him from returning to his delightful work as soon as God was pleased to restore his health.

In January 1701 he received a call from this church to succeed Dr. Chauncy in the pastoral office, which he signified his acceptance of the very day that King William died, notwithstanding the discouraging prospect which that event gave to men of his profession, and the fears with which it filled the hearts of Protestant Dissenters at that time. But he had "set his hand to the plough, and would not look back:" accordingly he was solemnly ordained to the pastoral office 18th March following.

But the joy of the church in their happy settlement was soon after damped by his being seized with a painful and threatening illness, which laid him by for some time, and from which he recovered by slow degrees; upon which they saw it needful to provide him with a stated Assistant; accordingly the Rev. Mr. Samuel Price, your present worthy pastor, was chosen to that service in July 1703.

But notwithstanding his public labours were by this means eased his health remained very fluctuating and tender for some years. However as it increased he renewed his diligence in fulfilling his ministry; and how were you delighted and edified with his sermons in publick, and with his entertaining and profitable conversation in the visits which he made to your families! It was in this season of his more confirmed health that he formed a society of the younger members of his church for prayer and religious conference, to whom he delivered the substance of that excellent

book which he afterwards published under the title of *A Guide to Prayer*. Now he went on without any considerable interruption in his work, and with great success and prosperity to his church, till the year 1712, when in the month of September he was visited with a violent fever which broke his constitution, and left such weakness upon his nerves as continued with him in some measure to his dying day. Upon this occasion "prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him:" several days of prayer were kept on his account, in which many of his brethren in the ministry assailed, and wrestled earnestly with God for the continuance of so valuable a life; and God has been graciously pleased to answer their prayers by adding to his life more than thirty-six years, the most of them years though of feeble health yet of eminent usefulness to his church and to the world. It was not till October 1716 that he was able to return to his publick ministry. In the mean-time his Assistant Mr. Price was, at his desire, and upon his recommendation; chosen by the church to be joint pastor with him, to which office he was ordained March 31 1713. I hope I may be allowed, without offence or appearance of flattery, to recite a clause in Dr. Watts's last will in testimony of that inviolable friendship which has always subsisted between your two worthy pastors, and which has contributed so much to their mutual comfort and honour, and to your establishment and edification. Dr. Watts styles him "His faithful friend and

"companion in the labours of the ministry," and mentions a legacy that he leaves him "as only a small testimony of his great affection for him, on account of his services of love during the many harmonious years of their fellowship in the work of the gospel."

But though this long interval of sickness was on some accounts a very melancholy season, yet a kind Providence made it to be the happiest era of his life, as it was the occasion of introducing him into the family of a late excellent person †, who on a principle of the most generous friendship and compassion took him, in a very languishing state of health, to his own house, where from that moment to the day of his death he was abundantly supplied with all that could minister either to the convenience or satisfaction of his life; for though this remarkable friend of ministers of the church of God and of his country died in the year 1722, the benevolent spirit he manifested survived in his worthy relict, and was inherited by his children. It would be presumption in me to attempt to recount the numberless instances of that "generous and tender care (as the Doctor expresses it in his last will) shown him by her ladyship and her family in his long illness many years ago, when he was capable of no service, and also of her eminent friendship and goodness during his continuance in the family ever since;" yet this I will venture to say, in allusion to the blessing which our Lord pro-

† Sir Thomas Abney Knight, and Alderman of London.

nounced on the good woman in the gospel who had bestowed a box of precious ointment on him, that wheresoever Dr. Watts's Works are read or his name remembered that of Abney ought not to be forgotten.

In the year 1728 the universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen in Scotland did in a most respectful manner, without his knowledge, confer the degree of Doctor in Divinity on him, and on some others of his brethren.

His last sickness was rather a decay of nature, worn out with age and labours, than any particular distemper, therefore it was lingering and long; the springs of life were unbending by degrees, till at length the earthly tabernacle fell quite to decay, and was put off by the immortal spirit. And thus after a life of eminent service both of God and his generation he fell asleep in Jesus Nov. 25. 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

It would require a masterly hand to draw the portrait of this great man in its full proportion and proper colours, a task I was never equal to, and am least of all now, when I doubt not but your hearts will in some measure tell you what mine feels upon the mention of his name, and upon calling the remembrance of him to mind: however I will endeavour to present you with an imperfect sketch of some of the principal features.

The natural strength of his genius, which he cultivated and improved by a very considerable acquaintance with the most celebrated writers both ancient

and modern, had enriched his mind with a large and uncommon store of just sentiments and useful knowledge of various kinds, for his soul was too noble and large to be confined within narrow limits; he could not be content to leave any path of learning untried, nor to rest in a total ignorance of any science the knowledge of which might be for his own improvement, or might any ways tend to enlarge his capacity of being useful to others.

Though that which gave him the most remarkable preeminence was the extent and sublimity of his imagination, yet how few have excelled or even equalled him in quickness of apprehension and solidity of judgment; and having also a faithful memory to retain what he collected from the labours of others, he was able to pay it back again into the common treasury of learning with a large increase. I question whether any author before him did ever appear with reputation on such a variety of subjects as he has done, both as a prose writer and a poet. However this I may venture to say, that there is no man now living of whose works so many have been dispersed both at home and abroad, that are in such constant use, and translated into such a variety of languages, many of which will I doubt not remain more durable monuments of his great talents than any representation I can make of them though it were to be graven on pillars of brass. Thus did he shine as an ingenious man and a scholar.

But we are further to observe him in a more exalted point of view for our instruction and imitation; I mean as a Christian, in which character he shone brightest of all; and it is hard to say what grace or virtue was most conspicuous in him and most characteristic of him.

Pure and undissembled piety was the settled habit and constant dress of his mind; and though he loved and enjoyed much retirement, yet did he not thereby contract any thing of an affected stiffness or monkish austerity, but on the contrary, the satisfaction and pleasure that he found in communion with God in solitude made him the more easy and cheerful in his converse with men, and seemed to enlighten his very countenance.

His humility was like a deep shade, if I may so express it, that set off his other graces and virtues and made them shine with a brighter lustre; and as this grace had a mighty influence on his heart and temper, so it had no little effect in forming his sentiments; for he never thought he could be laid too low, as a creature or a sinner, that he might do honour to the perfections and grace of God; and from hence in a great measure arose that high esteem which he had for the Christian dispensation, which is so apparently calculated to exalt God and to humble man. Nor was his humility less conspicuous in his outward carriage and behaviour towards others; from hence flowed that condescension and gentleness, that humanity and

kindness, that could not but endear him to all who had the pleasure of conversing with him, and which rendered him truly venerable in a much higher degree than all the honours and applauses he received from the world. In short, his description of this grace, which he has so beautifully exemplified in the character of St. Paul †, seems to be but a transcript of his own heart and life.

In close connexion with the grace of humility were to be seen his candour and charity, for which he was remarkably eminent. The love that glowed in his heart to his Saviour constrained him cordially to embrace all whom he esteemed to be his genuine disciples; and no party names nor variety of sentiments in matters of doubtful disputation, nor of practice in modes of worship, could divide him in affection from such as he had reason to hope loved our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; accordingly he maintained a free and friendly correspondence with Christians of different parties and denominations. Though he judged the principles of the moderate Nonconformists most favourable to Christian liberty and the rights of conscience, and their forms of worship most agreeable to the simplicity of the gospel, yet he had a high veneration for the persons and writings of many in the established church, as many of them both in higher and lower stations had for him and his writings. And

† Humility represented in the Character of St. Paul. By Isaac Watts, D. D.

I speak it to the distinguished honour and praise of some very reverend personages of that communion, as well as to his, that they frequently presented him with their works and accepted of his in return; on which, as well as on other occasions, very serious and affectionate letters have passed between them for the strengthening each others hands in the cause of our common Christianity.

What his sentiments were as to the peculiar doctrines of the gospel you who have statedly attended on his ministry well know, and none need be ignorant who will peruse his writings.

Though he occasionally engaged in the controversies of the day, it was evidently with a view to heal and reconcile disputes amongst Christians rather than to make profelytes to any party; and however any may in some matters differ from him in judgment, all must allow that he wrote on such occasions with such a spirit of meekness and love as is truly instructive and exemplary.

Nor did love and goodness only dwell in his heart, but flowed out from thence in liberal and beneficent actions; for I am credibly informed that from the time he was received into Sir Thomas Abney's family he constantly devoted a fifth part of his income to charitable uses.

It is no wonder that a man thus richly furnished with gifts and graces was an admired preacher. Though his stature was low and his bodily presence but weak, yet

his preaching was weighty and powerful. There was a certain dignity and spirit in his very aspect when he appeared in the pulpit that commanded attention and awe; and when he spoke, such strains of truly Christian eloquence flowed from his lips, and these so apparently animated with zeal for God and the most tender concern for your souls and their everlasting salvation, as one would think could not be easily flighted or resisted.

Though his public labours for your good were frequently interrupted by sickness, yet was he not even in those intervals laid wholly aside from his usefulness, for not only was his exemplary patience and resignation to the will of God in those seasons of his suffering very instructive, but some of the finest and most useful productions of his pen, as particularly a good part of his Imitation of the Psalms of David, owe their birth to those seasons of constrained retirement.

In his last sickness the active and sprightly powers of his nature failed him, that is, they were gradually doing so for two or three years before his decease; yet his trust in God through Jesus the Mediator remained unshaken to the last. He has been heard to say, "I bless God I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world or another." And again, "I should be glad to read more, yet not in order to be more confirmed in the truth of the Christian religion or in the truth of its

“promises, for I believe them enough to venture an
“eternity on them.” When he was almost worn out
and broken down by his infirmities he observed, in
conversation with a friend, that “he remembered an
“aged minister used to say that the most learned and
“knowing Christians when they come to die have
“only the same plain promises of the gospel for their
“support as the common and unlearned; and so, said
“he, I find it: it is the plain promises of the gospel
“that are my support, and I bless God they are plain
“promises, that do not require much labour and pains
“to understand them, for I can do nothing now but
“look into my Bible for some promise to support me,
“and live upon that.” When he has found his spirit
tending to impatience, and ready to complain that he
could only lead a mere animal life; he would check
himself thus, “The business of a Christian is to bear
“the will of God as well as to do it: If I were in health
“I could only be doing that, and that I may do now.
“The best thing in obedience is a regard to the will
“of God, and the way to that is to get our inclina-
“tions and aversions as much mortified as we can.”
With such a calm and peaceful mind; with such a
blessed and lively hope, did this faithful servant of
Christ wait for his Master’s summons till the long-
wished for period came, and then he went to rest from
his labours where his works follow him.”

THE PREFACE,

OR,

*An Inquiry into the right way of fitting The Book of Psalms
for Christian Worship.*

THOUGH the Psalms of David are a work of admirable and divine composure; though they contain the noblest sentiments of piety, and breathe a most exalted spirit of devotion; yet when the best of Christians attempt to sing many of them in our common translation that spirit of devotion vanishes and is lost, the psalm dies upon their lips, and they feel scarce any thing of the holy pleasure.

If I were to render the reasons of it I would give this for one of the chief, namely, that the royal Psalmist here expresses his own concerns in words exactly suited to his own thoughts, agreeable to his own personal character, and in the language of his own religion: this keeps all the springs of pious passion awake; when ev'ry line and syllable so nearly affects himself; this naturally raises in a devout mind a more lively and transporting worship; but when we who are Christians sing the same lines we express nothing but the character, the concerns, and the religion, of the Jewish kings; while our own circumstances and our own religion (which are so widely different from his) have

little to do in the sacred song, and our affections want something of property or interest in the words to awaken them at first and to keep them lively.

If this attempt of mine, through the divine blessing, become so happy as to remove this great inconvenience, and to introduce warm devotion into this part of divine worship, I shall esteem it an honourable service done to the church of Christ.

It is necessary therefore that I should here inform my readers at large, what the titlepage expresses in a shorter way, and assure them that they are not to expect in this book an exact translation of The Psalms of David; for if I had not conceived a different design from all that have gone before me in this work I had never attempted a service so full of labour, though I must confess it has not wanted its pleasure too.

In order to give a plain account of my present undertaking I shall first represent the methods that my predecessors have followed in their versions; in the next place I hope to make it evident that those methods can never attain the noblest and highest ends of Christian psalmody; and then describe the course that I have taken, different from them all, together with some brief hints of the reasons that induced me to it.

First, I will represent the methods that my predecessors have followed. I have seen above twenty versions of the Psalter by persons of richer and meaner ta-

lents, and how various soever their professions and their prefaces are, yet in the performances they all seem to aim at this one point, namely, to make the Hebrew Psalmist only speak English and keep all his own characters still. Wheresoever the psalm introduces him as a soldier or a prophet, as a shepherd or a great musician, as a king on the throne, or as a fugitive in the wilderness, the translators ever represent him in the same circumstances. Some of them lead an assembly of common Christians to worship God as near as possible in those very words; and they generally agree also to perform and repeat that worship in the ancient Jewish forms wherever the Psalmist uses them.

There are several psalms indeed which have scarce any thing in them personal or peculiar to David or the Jews, such as Psalm i. xix. xxv. xxvii. lxxvii. c. l. &c. and these, if translated into the plain national language, are very proper materials for psalmody in all times and places; but there are but a few of this kind in comparison of the great number which have something of personal concerns, prophetic darkneses, Hebraisms, or Jewish affairs, mingled with them.

I confess Mr. Milburn and Mr. Darby (though in very different verse) have now and then given an evangelick turn to the Hebrew sense; and Dr. Patrick hath gone so much beyond them in this respect that he hath made use of the present language of Christians in several psalms, and left out many of the Ju-

daisms. This is the thing that hath introduced him into the favour of so many religious assemblies; even those very persons that have an aversion to sing any thing in worship but David's Psalms have been led insensibly to fall in with Dr. Patrick's performance by a relish of pious pleasure, never considering that his work is by no means a just translation, but a paraphrase; and there are scarce any that have departed farther from the inspired words of Scripture than he hath often done, in order to suit his thoughts to the state and worship of Christianity. This I esteem his peculiar excellency in those psalms wherein he has practised it; this I have made my chief care and business in every psalm, and have attempted at least to exceed him in this as well as in the art of verse, and yet I have often kept nearer to the text.

But after all this good man hath suffered himself so far to be carried away by custom as to make all the other personal characters and circumstances of David appear strong and plain except that of a Jew, and many of them he has represented in stronger and plainer terms than the original. This will appear to any one that compares these following texts in Dr. Patrick with the Bible, namely, Psalm iv. 2. and ix. 4, 5. and xviii. 43. and li. 4. and lx. 6, 7. and ci. 1. cxli. 6. and cxliii. 3. and several others: so that it is hard to find even in his version six or eight stanzas together in any psalm (that has personal or national affairs in it) so fit

to be assumed by a vulgar Christian, or so proper to be sung by a whole congregation. This renders the due performance of psalmody every where difficult to him that appoints the verses; but it is extremely troublesome in those assemblies where the psalm is sung without reading it line by line, which yet is beyond all exception the truest and the best method; for in this way of singing there can be no omission of a verse, though it be never so improper; but the whole church must run down to the next division of the psalm, and sing all that comes next to their lips, till the Clerk puts them to silence: or to remedy this inconvenience, if a wise man leads the song he dwells always upon four or five-and-twenty pieces of some select psalms, though the whole hundred and fifty lie before him; and he is forced to run that narrow round still for want of larger provision suited to our present circumstances.

I might here also remark to what a hard shift the minister is put to find proper hymns at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, where the people will sing nothing but out of David's psalmbook. How perpetually do they repeat some part of the cxiii. or cxviii. psalm? and confine all the glorious joy and melody of that ordinance to a few obscure lines, because the translators have not indulged an evangelical turn to the words of David? no not in those very places where the Jewish Psalmist seems to mean the gospel;

but as excellent a poet as he was he was not able to speak it plain, by reason of the infancy of that dispensation, and longs for the aid of a Christian writer; though, to speak my own sense freely, I do not think David ever wrote a psalm of sufficient glory and sweetness to represent the blessings of this holy institution of Christ, even though it were explained by a copious commentator; therefore it is my opinion that other spiritual songs should sometimes be used to render Christian psalmody complete. But this is not my present business, and I have written on this subject elsewhere.

To proceed to the second part of my Preface, which is to shew how insufficient a strict translation of the Psalms is to attain the designed end.

There are several songs of this royal author that seem improper for any person besides himself, so that I cannot believe that the whole book of Psalms (even in the original) was appointed by God for the ordinary and constant worship of the Jewish sanctuary or the synagogues, though several of them might be often sung; much less are they all proper for a Christian church; yet the way of a close translation of this whole book of Hebrew Psalms for English and Christian psalmody has generally obtained among us.

Some pretend it is but a just respect for the Holy Scriptures, for they have imbibed a fond opinion from their very childhood that nothing is to be sung

at church but the inspired writings, how different so ever, the sense is from our present state. But this opinion has been taken upon trust by the most part of its advocates, and borrowed chiefly from education, custom, and the authority of others, which if duly examined will appear to have been built upon too slight and feeble foundations: the weakness of it I shall shew more at large in another place; but it appears of itself more eminently inconsistent in those persons that scruple to address God in prose in any precomposed forms whatsoever; and they give this reason, because they cannot be fitted to all our present occasions; and yet in verse they confine their addresses to such forms as were fitted chiefly for Jewish worshippers, and for the special occasions of David the king.

Others maintain that a strict and scrupulous confinement to the sense of the original is necessary to do justice to the royal author; but in my judgment the royal author is most honoured when he is made most intelligible, and when his admirable compositions are copied in such language as gives light and joy to the saints that live two thousand years after him; whereas such a mere translation of all his verse into English to be sung in our worship seems to darken our religion; by running back again to Judaism it damps our delight, and almost forbids the Christian worshipper to pursue the song. How can we assume to ourselves

all his words in our personal or publick addresses to God when our condition of life, our time, place, and religion, are so vastly different from those of David?

I grant it is necessary and proper that in translating every part of Scripture for our reading or hearing the sense of the original should be exactly and faithfully represented, for there we learn what God says to us in his word; but in singing for the most part the case is altered; for as the greatest number of the Psalms are devotional, and there the Psalmists express their own personal or national concerns, so we are taught by their example what is the chief design of psalmody; namely, that we should represent our own sense of things in singing, and address ourselves to God expressing our own case; therefore the words should be so far adapted to the general state of the worshippers as that we might seldom sing those expressions in which we have no concern; or at least our translators of the Psalms should observe this rule, that when the peculiar circumstances of ancient saints are formed into a song for our present and publick use, they should be related rather in an historical manner, and not retain the personal pronouns *I* and *We* where the transactions cannot belong to any of us, nor be applied to our persons, churches, or nation.

Moses, Deborah, and the princes of Israel David, Asaph, and Habakkuk, and all the saints under the Jewish state, sung their own joys and victories, their

own hopes, and fears, and deliverances, as I hinted before; and why must we under the gospel sing nothing else but the joys, hopes, and fears, of Aſaph and David? why must Chriſtians be forbid all other melody but what ariſes from the victories and deliverances of the Jews? David would have thought it very hard to have been confined to the words of Moſes, and ſung nothing elſe on all his rejoicing days but the drowning of Pharaoh in the xvth of Exodus. He might have ſuppoſed it a little unreaſonable, when he had peculiar occaſions of mournful muſick, if he had been forced to keep cloſe to Moſes's prayer in the xth pſalm, and always ſung over the ſhortneſs of human life, eſpecially if he were not permitted the liberty of a paraphraſe: and yet the ſpecial concerns of David and Moſes were much more akin to each other than ours are to either of them; and they were both of the ſame religion, but ours is very different.

It is true that David has left us a richer variety of holy ſongs than all that went before him, but rich as it is it is ſtill far ſhort of the glorious things that we Chriſtians have to ſing before the Lord. We and our churches have our own ſpecial affairs as well as they: now if by a little turn of their words, or by the change of a ſhort ſentence, we may expreſs our own meditations, joys, and deſires, in the verſe of thoſe ancient Pſalmiſts, why ſhould we be forbid this ſweet privilege? why ſhould we, under the Chriſtian diſpenſation, be

bied up to forms more than the Jews themselves were, and such as are much more improper for our age and state too? Let us remember that the very power of singing was given to human nature chiefly for this purpose, that our own warmest affections of soul might break out into natural or divine melody, and that the tongue of the worshipper might express his own heart. I confess it is not unlawful nor absurd for a person of knowledge and skill in divine things to sing any part of the Jewish psalmbook and consider it merely as the word of God, from which by wise meditation he may draw some pious inferences for his own use, for instruction is allowed to be one end of psalmody; but where the words are obscure Hebraisms, or where the poet personates a Jew, a soldier, or a king, speaking to himself or to God, this mode of instruction in a song seems not so natural or easy even to the most skillful Christian, and it is almost impracticable to the greatest part of mankind; and both the wise and the weak must confess this, that it does by no means raise their own devotion so well as if they were speaking in their own persons and expressing their own sense: besides that the weaker Christian is ready to chime in with the words he sings, and use them as his own, though they are never so foreign to his purpose. Now though it cannot be that a large book of lively devotions should be so framed as to have every line perfectly suited to all the circumstances of every wor-

thinner, but after the writer's utmost care there will still be room for Christian wisdom to exercise the thoughts aright in singing, when the words seem improper to our particular case, yet as far as possible every difficulty of this kind should be removed, and such sentences should by no means be chosen which can scarce be used in their proper sense by any that are present.

I could never persuade myself that the best way to raise a devout frame in plain Christians was to bring a king or a captain into their churches, and let him lead and dictate the worship in his own style of royalty, or in the language of a field of battle. Does every menial servant in the assembly know how to use these words devoutly, namely, "When I receive the congregation I will judge uprightly, Psalm lxxv. 2. "A bow of steel is broken by mine arms.—As soon as they hear of me they shall obey me," Psalm xviii. 34. 44. Would I encourage a Parish-clerk to stand up in the midst of a country church and bid all the people join with his words, and say, "I will praise thee upon a psaltery;" or, "I will open my dark saying upon the harp?" when even our cathedrals sing only to the sound of an organ, most of the meaner churches can have no musick but the voice, and others will have none besides. Why then must all who will sing a psalm at church use such words as if they were to play upon the harp and psaltery, when thousands

never saw such an instrument, and know nothing of the art.

You will tell me perhaps that when you take these expressions upon your lips you mean only that you will worship God according to his appointment now; even as David worshipped him in his day according to God's appointment then. But why will ye confine yourselves to speak one thing and mean another? why must we be bound up to such words as can never be addressed to God in their own sense? and since the heart of a Christian cannot join herein with his lips, why may not his lips be led to speak his heart? Experience itself has often shewn that it interrupts the holy melody, and spoils the devotion of many a sincere good man or woman; when in the midst of the song some speeches of David have been almost imposed upon their tongues where he relates his own troubles, his banishment, or peculiar deliverances, where he speaks like a Jewish prince, a musician, or a prophet, or where the sense is so obscure that it cannot be understood without a learned commentator.

Here I may with courage address myself to the heart and conscience of many pious and observing Christians, and ask them whether they have not found a most divine pleasure in singing when the words of the psalm have happily expressed their frame of soul? Have you not felt a new joy spring within you when you could speak your own desires and hopes, your own

faith, love, and zeal, in the language of the holy Psalmist? have not your spirits taken wing and mounted up near to God and glory with the song of David on your tongue? but on a sudden the Clerk has proposed the next line to your lips with dark sayings and prophecies, with burnt-offerings or hyssop, with new moons, and trumpets, and timbrels in it, with confessions of sins which you never committed, with complaints of sorrows which you never felt, cursing such enemies as you never had, giving thanks for such victories as you never obtained, or leading you to speak in your own persons of things, places, and actions, that you never knew; and how have all your souls been discomposed at once, and the strings of harmony all untuned! You could not proceed in the song with your hearts, and your lips have sunk their joy, and faltered in the tune; you have been balked and ashamed, and knew not whether it were best to be silent or to follow on with the Clerk and the multitude, and sing with cold devotion, and perhaps in darkness too, without thought or meaning.

Lest it be replied here that to prevent this inconvenience such psalms or sentences may be always omitted by him that leads the song, or may have a more useful turn given in the mind of those that sing; but I answer, since such psalms or sentences are not to be sung, they may be as well omitted by the translator, or may have a more useful turn given in the verse

than is possible for all the fingers to give on a sudden in their minds : and this is all that I contend for.

I come therefore to the third thing I proposed, and that is, to explain my own design, which in short is this, namely, to accommodate the Book of Psalms to Christian worship; and in order to this it is necessary to divest David and Asaph, &c. of every other character but that of a Psalmist and a saint, and to make them always speak the common sense of a Christian.

Attempting the work with this view, I have entirely omitted some whole psalms, and large pieces of many others, and have chosen out of all of them such parts only as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the Christian life, or at least might afford us some beautiful allusion to Christian affairs : these I have copied and explained in the general style of the Gospel; nor have I confined my expressions to any particular party or opinion, that in words prepared for publick worship, and for the lips of multitudes, there might not be a syllable offensive to sincere Christians, whose judgments may differ in the lesser matters of religion.

Where the Psalmist uses sharp invectives against his personal enemies I have endeavoured to turn the edge of them against our spiritual adversaries, sin, Satan, and temptation; where the flights of his faith and love are sublime I have often sunk the expressions within the reach of an ordinary Christian; where the

words imply some peculiar wants or distresses, joys or blessings, I have used words of greater latitude and comprehension, suited to the general circumstances of men.

Where the original runs in the form of prophecy concerning Christ and his salvation I have given an historical turn to the sense. There is no necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful style of prediction when the things foretold are brought into open light by a full accomplishment. Where the writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any part of the Psalms I have often indulged the liberty of paraphrase, according to the words of Christ or his apostles; and surely this may be esteemed the word of God still, though borrowed from several parts of the holy Scripture; where the Psalmist describes religion by the fear of God I have often joined faith and love to it; where he speaks of the pardon of sin through the mercies of God I have added the blood or merits of a Saviour; where he talks of sacrificing goats or bullocks I rather chuse to mention the sacrifice of Christ, the Lamb of God: when he attends the ark with shouting into Zion I sing the ascension of my Saviour into heaven; or his presence in his church on earth; where he promises abundance of wealth, honour, and long life, I have changed some of these typical blessings for grace, glory, and life eternal, which are brought to light by the gospel, and promi-

fed in the New Testament; and I am fully fatisfied that more honour is done to our blessed Saviour by speaking his name, his graces and actions, in his own language, according to the brighter discoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the Jewish forms of worship and the language of types and figures.

All men will confess this is just and necessary in preaching and praying, and I cannot find a reason why we should not sing praises also in a manner agreeable to the present and more glorious dispensation. No man can be persuaded that to read a sermon of the royal preacher out of the book of Ecclesiastes, or a prayer out of Ezra or Daniel, is so edifying to a Christian church (though they were inspired) as a well composed prayer or sermon delivered in the usual language of the gospel of Christ: and why should the very words of the Sweet Singer of Israel be esteemed so necessary to Christian psalmody, and the Jewish style so much preferable to the evangelical, in our religious songs of praise?

Now since it appears so plain that the Hebrew Psalter is very improper to be the precise matter and style of our songs in a Christian church, and since there is very good reason to believe that it is left us not only as a most valuable part of the word of God for our faith and practice, but as an admirable and divine pattern of spiritual songs and hymns under the gospel, I have chosen rather to *imitate* than to *translate*; and thus to

compose a Psalmbook for Christians after the manner of the Jewish Psalter.

If I could be persuaded that nothing ought to be sung in worship but what was of immediate inspiration from God, surely I would recommend an them only, namely, the Psalms themselves, as we read them in the Bible, set to musick as they are sung by choristers in our cathedral churches, for these are nearest to the words of inspiration, and we must depart far from those words if we turn them into rhyme and metre of any sort; and upon the foot of this argument even the Scotch version, which has been so much commended for its approach to the original, would be unlawful as well as others.

But since I believe that any divine sentence or Christian verse, agreeable to Scripture, may be sung, though it be composed by men uninspired, I have not been so curious and exact in striving every where to express the ancient sense and meaning of David, but have rather expressed myself as I may suppose David would have done had he lived in the days of Christianity; and by this means perhaps I have sometimes hit upon the true intent of the spirit of God in those verses farther and clearer than David himself could ever discover, as St. Peter encourages me to hope, 1 Peter i. 11, 12, where he acknowledges that the ancient prophets, who foretold of the grace that should come to us, were in some measure ignorant of this great salvation; for though they testified of the sufferings of Christ and his

glory, yet they were forced to search and inquire after the meaning of what they spake or wrote. In several other places I hope my reader will find a natural exposition of many a dark and doubtful text, and some new beauties and connexions of thought discovered in the Jewish poet, though not in the language of a Jew. In all places I have kept my grand design in view, and that is, to teach my author to speak like a Christian; for why should I now address God my Saviour in a song with burnt-sacrifices of fatlings, and with the fat of rams? why should I pray to be sprinkled with hyssop, or recur to the blood of bullocks and goats? why should I bind my sacrifice with cords to the horns of an altar, or sing the praises of God to high sounding cymbals, when the gospel has shewn me a nobler atonement for sin, and appointed a purer and more spiritual worship? why must I join with David in his legal or prophetick language to curse my enemies, when my Saviour in his sermons has taught me to love and bless them? why may not a Christian omit all those passages of the Jewish Psalmist that tend to fill the mind with overwhelming sorrows, despairing thoughts, or bitter personal resentments, none of which are well suited to the spirit of Christianity, which is a dispensation of hope, and joy, and love? what need is there that I should wrap up the shining honours of my Redeemer in the dark and shadowy language of a religion that is now for ever abolished, especially when Christians are

so vehemently warned in the Epistles of St. Paul against a judaizing spirit in their worship as well as doctrine? and what fault can there be in enlarging a little on the more useful subjects in the style of the gospel, where the psalm gives any occasion, since the whole religion of the Jews is censured often in The New Testament as a defective and imperfect thing?

Though I have aimed to provide for a variety of affairs in the Christian life by the different metres, paraphrases, and divisions of the Psalms, of which I shall speak particularly, yet after all there are a great many circumstances that attend common Christians which cannot be agreeably expressed by any paraphrase on the words of David, and for these I have endeavoured to provide in my book of Hymns, that Christians might have something to sing in divine worship answerable to most or all their occasions. In the Preface to that book I have shewn the insufficiency of the common versions of the Psalms, and given further reasons for my present attempt.

I am not so vain as to expect that the few short hints I have mentioned in that Preface or in this should be sufficient to justify my performances in the judgment of all men, nor to convince and satisfy those who have long maintained different sentiments; all the favour therefore that I desire of my readers is this, that they would not censure this Work till they have read my

Discourse of Psalmody, which I hope will shortly be published; but let them read it with serious attention, and bring with them a generous and sincere soul, ready to be convinced, and to receive truth wheresoever it can be found. In that treatise I have given a large and particular account how the Psalms of Jewish composition ought to be translated for Christian worship, and justified the rules I lay down by such reasons as seem to carry in them most plentiful evidence and a fair conviction.

If I might presume so much I would entreat them also to forget their younger prejudices for a season, so far as to make a few experiments of these Songs, and try whether they are not suited through divine grace to kindle in them a fire of zeal and love, and to exalt the willing soul to an evangelick temper of joy and praise; and if they shall find by sweet experience any devout affections raised, and a holy frame of mind awakened within them by these attempts of Christian psalmistry, I persuade myself that I shall receive their thanks, and be assisted by their prayers towards the recovery of my health and my publick labours in the church of Christ. Whatsoever sentiments they had formerly entertained, yet surely they will not suffer their old and doubtful opinions to prevail against their own inward sensations of piety and religious joy.

Before I conclude I must add a few things concern-

ing my division of the Psalms, and my manner of versifying.

OF THE DIVISION OF THE PSALMS.

In many of these sacred songs it is evident that the Psalmist had several distinct cases in view at the same time, as Psalm lxxv. the first four or five verses describe the temple-worship of prayer and praise; the following verses represent the providence of God in the seasons of the year; so in Psalm lxxviii. the first six verses declare the majesty and mercy of God, and from the 7th verse to the 16th Israel is brought from Egypt to fix divine worship at Jerusalem, the 17th and 18th are a prophecy of the ascension of Christ, ver. 24, &c. describes a religious procession, &c. The like may be observed in many other Psalms, especially such as represent some complicated sorrows or joys of the Psalmist. Now it is not to be supposed that Christians should have all the same distinct occasions of meditation, complaint, or praise, much less all at the same time to be mentioned before God, therefore I have divided many Psalms into several parts, and disposed them into distinct hymns on these various subjects that may be proper matter for Christian psalmody.

Besides that excessive long tone of voice that stretches out every syllable in our publick singing allows us neither time nor spirits to sing above six or eight stanzas

at once, and sometimes we make use of but three or four, therefore I have reduced almost all the Work into hymns of such a length as may suit the usual custom of the churches, that they may not sing broken fragments of sense, as is too often done, and spoil the beauty of this worship, but may finish a whole song and subject at once.

For this end I have been forced to transpose or omit some of the verses, and by this means some will object that I have left out some useful and significant lines. Perhaps so, but if I had not the Clerk would have left them out to save the time for other parts of worship; and I desire but the same liberty which he has to chuse which verses shall be sung. Yet I think it will be seldom found that I have omitted any useful psalm or verse, whose sense is not abundantly repeated in other parts of the book; and what I have left out in one metre I have often inserted in another.

When the occasion or subject are much the same throughout a long psalm I have either abridged the verses or divided the psalm by pauses, after the French manner, where the sense would admit an interruption, that the worship may not be tiresome.

OF THE VERSE.

I Resign to Sir John Denham the honour of the best poet if he had given his genius but a just liberty; yet

his work will ever shine brightest among those that have confined themselves to a mere translation; but that close confinement has often forbid the freedom and glory of verse, and by cramping his sense has rendered it sometimes too obscure for a plain reader and the publick worship, even though we lived in the days of David and Judaism. These inconveniencies he himself suspects and fears in the Preface.

I am content to yield to Mr. Milbourne the preference of his poesy in several parts of his Psalms, and to Mr. Tate and Dr. Brady in some of theirs; but in those very places their turns of thought and language are too much raised above a vulgar audience, and fit only for persons of an higher education.

I have not refused in some few Psalms to borrow a single line or two from these three authors, yet I have taken the most freedom of that sort with Dr. Patrick, for his style best agrees with my design, though his verse be generally of a lower strain; but where I have used three or four lines together of any author I have acknowledged it in the Notes.

In some of the more elevated Psalms I have given a little indulgence to my genius; and if it should appear that I have aimed at the sublime, yet I have generally kept within the reach of an unlearned reader. I never thought the art of sublime writing consisted in flying out of sight, nor am I of the mind of the Italian who said, "Obscurity begets greatness." I have al-

ways avoided the language of the poets where it did not suit the language of the gospel.

In many of these compositions I have just permitted my verse to rise above a flat and indolent style, yet I hope it is every where supported above the just contempt of the criticks, though I am sensible that I have often subdued it below their esteem; because I would neither indulge any bold metaphors, nor admit of hard words, nor tempt an ignorant worshipper to sing without his understanding.

Though I have attempted to imitate the sacred beauties of my author in some of the sprightly Psalms, such as Psalm xlv, xlvi, xlix, lxx, lxxii, xc, xci, civ, cxiv, cxv, cxxxix, &c. yet if my youthful readers complain that they expected to find here more elegant and beautiful descriptions, with which the sacred original abounds, let them consider that some of those pieces of descriptive poetry are the flowery elegancies peculiar to eastern nations and antique ages, and are much too large also to be brought into such short Christian sonnets as are used in our present worship; almost all those Psalms I have contracted and fitted to more spiritual devotion, as Psalm xviii, lxviii, lxxiii, lxxviii, cv, cvi, cix, &c.

OF THE METRE AND RHYME.

I Have formed my verse in the three most usual metres to which our psalm tunes are fitted, namely, the

Common Metre, the metre of the old xxvth Psalm which I call Short Metre, and that of the old cdth Psalm, which I call Long Metre. Besides these I have done some few Psalms in stanzas of six, eight, or twelve lines, to the best of the old tunes; many of them I have also cast into two or three metres, not by leaving out or adding two syllables in a line, whereby others have cramped or stretched their verse to the destruction of all poesy, but I have made an entire new song, and oftentimes in the different metres I have indulged those different senses in which commentators have explained the inspired author; and if in one metre I have given the loose to a paraphrase I have confined myself to my text in the other.

If I am charged by the criticks for repeating the same rhymes too often, let them consider that the words which continually recur in divine poesy admit exceeding few rhymes to them fit for sacred use, these are God, World, Flesh, Soul, Life, Death, Faith, Hope, Heaven, Earth, &c. which I think will make sufficient apology, especially since I have coupled all my lines by rhymes much more than either Mr. Tate or Dr. Patrick have done, which is certainly most musical and agreeable to the ear where rhyme is used at all.

I must confess I have never yet seen any version or paraphrase of the Psalms, in their own Jewish sense,

so perfect as to discourage all further attempts; but whoever undertakes the noble work let him bring with him a soul devoted to piety, an exalted genius, and withal a studious application; for David's harp abhors a profane finger, and disdains to answer to an unskilful or a careless touch. A meaner pen may imitate at a distance, but a complete translation or a just paraphrase demands a rich treasury of diction and exalted fancy, a quick taste of devout passion, together with judgment strict and severe to retrench every luxuriant line, and to maintain a religious sovereignty over the whole work. Thus the Psalmist of Israel might arise in Great Britain in all his Hebrew glory, and entertain the more knowing and polite Christians of our age. But still I am bold to maintain the great principle on which my present Work is founded; and that is, that if the brightest genius on earth or an angel from heaven, should translate David, and keep close to the sense and style of the inspired author, we should only obtain thereby a bright or heavenly copy of the devotions of the Jewish king; but it could never make the fittest psalmbook for a Christian people. It was not my design to exalt myself to the rank and glory of poets, but I was ambitious to be a servant to the churches, and a helper to the joy of the meanest Christian. Though there are many gone before me who have taught the Hebrew Psalmist to speak En-

glish, yet I think I may assume this pleasure, of being the first who hath brought down the royal author into the common affairs of the Christian life, and led the Psalmist of Israel into the church of Christ, without any thing of a Jew about him: and whensoever there shall appear any paraphrase of the book of Psalms that retains more of the favour of David's piety, discovers more of the style and spirit of the gospel, with a superiour dignity of verse, and yet the lines as easy and flowing, and the sense and language as level to the lowest capacity, I shall congratulate the world, and consent to say, Let this attempt of mine be buried in silence.

Till such a work arise I must attend these Evangelick Songs, which have been the labour of so many years, with a devout wish:

May that God who has favoured me with life and capacity to finish this Work for the service of his churches, after so many years of tiresome sickness and confinement, accept this humble offering from a thankful heart! May the Lord, who dwelt of old amidst the praises of Israel, encourage and bless this Essay to assist Christians in the work of praise! and may his churches exalt him here on earth in the language of his gospel and his grace till they shall be called up to heaven and the noble society above! there David and Asaph have changed their ancient style, and the

song of Moses and of the Lamb are one; there the Jews join with the nations to exalt their God and Redeemer in the language of angels, and in the strains of complete glory. Amen.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READERS.

The chief design of this Work was to improve Psalmody or religious singing, and to encourage the frequent practice of it in publick assemblies and private families with more honour and delight; yet the Author hopes the reading of it may also entertain in the parlour and the closet with devout pleasure and holy meditations; therefore he would request his readers at proper seasons to peruse it thorough, and among three hundred and forty sacred Hymns they may find out several that suit their own case and temper, or the circumstances of their families and friends; they may teach their children such as are proper for their age, and by treasuring them in their memory they may be furnished for pious retirement, or may entertain their friends with holy melody.

OF CHUSING OR FINDING THE PSALM.

The perusal of the whole book will acquaint every reader with the Author's method, and by consulting the Index or Table of Contents he may find hymns

very proper for many occasions of the Christian life and worship, though no copy of David's Psalter can provide for all.

Or if he remember the first line of any Psalm, the Table of the first Lines will direct where to find it.

Or if any shall think it best to sing all the Psalms in order in churches or families, it may be done with profit, provided those Psalms be omitted that refer to special occurrences of nations, churches, or single Christians.

OF NAMING THE PSALM.

Let the number of the Psalm be named distinctly, together with the particular metre, and particular part of it; as for instance, *Let us sing the 33d Psalm, 2d Part, Common Metre*; or, *Let us sing the 91st Psalm, 1st Part, beginning at the Pause, or, ending at the Pause*; or, *Let us sing the 84th Psalm as the 148th Psalm, &c.* and then read over the first stanza before you begin to sing, that the people may find it in their books, whether you sing with or without reading line by line.

OF DIVIDING THE PSALM.

If the Psalm be too long for the time or custom of singing, there are Pauses in many of them at which you may properly rest; or you may leave out those

verses which are included in crotchets [] without disturbing the sense; or in some places you may begin to sing at a Pause.

Do not always confine yourselves to six stanzas, but sing seven or eight rather than confound the sense, and abuse the Psalm in solemn worship.

OF THE MANNER OF SINGING.

It were to be wished that all congregations and private families would sing as they do in foreign Protestant countries, without reading line by line. Though the Author has done what he could to make the sense complete in every line or two, yet many inconveniences will always attend this unhappy manner of singing; but where it cannot be altered these two things may give some relief.

First, Let as many as can do it bring psalmbooks with them, and look on the words while they sing, so far as to make the sense complete.

Secondly, Let the Clerk read the whole Psalm over aloud before he begins to parcel out the lines, that the people may have some notion of what they sing, and not be forced to drag on heavily through eight tedious syllables without any meaning till the next line comes to give the sense of them.

It were to be wished also that we might not dwell so long upon every single note, and produce the syllables to such a tiresome extent, with a constant uniformity of time, which disgraces the musick, and puts the congregation quite out of breath in singing five or six stanzas; whereas if the method of singing were but reformed to a greater speed in pronunciation we might often enjoy the pleasure of a longer Psalm with less expense of time and breath, and our psalmody would be more agreeable to that of the ancient churches, more intelligible to others, and more delightful to ourselves.

Dec. 1. 1718.

The various Measures of the Verse are fitted to the Tunes of the Old Psalmbook.

To the Common Tunes sing all intitled *Common Metre*.

To the Tunes of the 100th Psalm sing all intitled *Long Metre*.

To the Tune of the 25th Psalm sing *Short Metre*.

To the 50th Psalm sing one Metre of the 50th, 93d.

To the 112th or 127th Psalm sing one Metre of the 104th and 148th.

To the 113th Psalm sing one Metre of the 19th, 33d, 58th, 89th, last Part, 96th, 112th, 113th.

Volume I.

E

To the 122d Psalm sing one of the Metres of the 93d, 122d, and 133d.

To the 148th Psalm sing one Metre of the 84th, 121st, 136th, and 148th.

To a New Tune sing one Metre of the 50th and 115th.

THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PSALM I. Common Metre.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

BLESS'D is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat;

4

2. But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the Word,
And meditates by night.

8

[3. He, like a plant of gen'rous kind
By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind
Enjoys a peaceful state.]

12

4. Green as the leaf and ever fair
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

16

5. Not so th' impious and unjust;
What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust
Or chaff before the storm.

20

6. Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge at his right hand
Appoints his saints a place. 24

7. His eye beholds the path they tread,
His heart approves it well,
But crooked ways of sinners lead
Down to the gates of hell *. 28

PSALM I. Short Metre.

The saint happy, the sinner miserable.

THE man is ever bless'd
Who shuns the sinner's ways,
Among their councils never stands,
Nor takes the scorner's place, 4
2. But makes the law of God
His study and delight
Amidst the labours of the day
And watches of the night. 8

3. He like a tree shall thrive
With waters near the root :
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live ;
His works are heav'nly fruit. 12

* In this Work I have often borrowed a line or two from The New Testament, that the excellent and inspired composures of the Jewish Psalmist may be brightened by the clearer discoveries of the Gospel.—Stanza vi. *He shall set the sheep at his right hand, &c.* Matt. xxv. 33.

4. Not so th' ungodly race;
They no such blessings find:
Their hopes shall fly like empty chaff
Before the driving wind. 16

5. How will they bear to stand
Before that judgment-seat
Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
In full assembly meet? 20

6. He knows and he approves
The way the righteous go,
But sinners and their works shall meet
A dreadful overthrow. 24

PSALM I. Long Metre.

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad way that sinners go,
Who hates the place where Atheists meet,
And fears to talk as scoffers do. 4

2. He loves t' employ his morning-light
Amongst the statutes of the Lord,
And spends the wakeful hours of night
With pleasure, pond'ring o'er the Word. 8

3. He like a plant by gentle streams
Shall flourish in immortal green,
And Heav'n will shine with kindest beams
On ev'ry work his hands begin. 12

4. But sinners find their counsels cross'd:
As chaff before the tempest flies,
So shall their hopes be blown and lost
When the last trumpet shakes the skies. 16

5. In vain the rebel seeks to stand
In judgment with the pious race,
The dreadful Judge with stern command
Divides him to a diff'rent place. 20

6. "Straight is the way my saints have trod,
"I blest'd the path and drew it plain,
"But you would chase the crooked road,
"And down it leads to endless pain." 24

PSALM II. Short Metre.

Translat. according to the divine pattern, *Ac. iv. 24, &c.*

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

[MAKER and sov'reign Lord
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word
And answers thy decrees. 4

2. The things so long foretold
By David are fulfill'd,
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus thine holy child.] 8

† Stanza i. line 2. and stanza vi. line 4. *Bread is the way*
that leads to destruction, Matt. vii. 13. 14. --- Stanza iv. line 4.
At the last trump, &c. 1 Cor. xv. 52.

3. Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord ;
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord ?

4. Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design ;
Against the Lord their powers unite,
Against his Christ they join.

5. The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne ;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead
Hath own'd him for his Son.

6. Now he's ascended high,
And asks to rule the earth,
The merit of his blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

7. He asks, and God bestows
A large inheritance ;
Far as the world's remotest ends
His kingdom shall advance.

8. The nations that rebel
Must feel his iron rod ;
He'll vindicate those honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

9. Be wise, ye Rulers! now,
And worship at his throne ;
With trembling joy ye People! bow
To God's exalted Son.

10. If once his wrath arise
 Ye perish on the place;
 Then blessed is the soul that flies
 For refuge to his grace †.]

PSALM II. Common Metre.

WHY did the nations join to slay
 The Lord's anointed Son?
 Why did they cast his laws away
 And tread his gospel down?

2. The Lord that sits above the skies
 Derides their rage below,
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes
 And strikes their spirits thro'.

3. "I call him my Eternal Son,
 "And raise him from the dead;
 "I make my holy hill his throne,
 "And wide his kingdom spread.

4. "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 "The utmost Heathen lands:
 "Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 "The rebel that withstands."

† Stanza i. line 1. Lord, thou art God who hast made Heaven
 —Who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, Why did the
 Heathen rage, &c. Acts iv. 24, &c. — Stanza i. line 3. To do
 whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined to be done, &c.
 ver. 28. And several other lines of this version are evidently
 borrowed from the fuller discoveries of Christ in The New
 Testament. — Stanza viii. Shall rule the nations with a rod
 of iron, even as I received of my Father, Rev. ii. 27.

5. Be wise ye Rulers of the earth, know all that
Obey th' anointed Lord,
Adore the King of heav'nly birth,
And tremble at his word. 20

6. With humble love address his throne,
For if ye frown ye die:
Those are secure and those alone
Who on his grace rely. 24

PSALM II. Long Metre.

Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.

WHY did the Jews proclaim their rage?
The Romans why their swords employ
Against the Lord? their pow'r engage
His dear Anointed to destroy? 8

2. "Come, let us break his bands," they say,
"This man shall never give us laws."
And thus they cast his yoke away,
And nail'd the Monarch to the cross. 12

3. But God, who high in glory reigns,
Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
And speak in thunder to their souls. 16

4. "I will maintain the King I made
"On Zion's everlasting hill;
"My hand shall bring him from the dead,
"And he shall stand your Sov'reign still." 20

[5. His wondrous rising from the earth
Makes his eternal Godhead known:
The Lord declares his heav'nly birth,
"This day have I begot my Son." 20

6. "Ascend my Son to my right hand,
"There thou shalt ask and I bestow
"The utmost bounds of Heathen land;
"To thee the northern isles shall bow." 24

7. But nations that resist his grace
Shall fall before his iron stroke:
His rod shall crush his foes with ease,
As potters' earthen work is broke. 28

PAUSE.

8. Now ye that sit on earthly thrones
Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
Now at his feet submit your crowns,
Rejoice and tremble at his name. 32

9. With humble love address the Son,
Lest he grow angry and ye die:
His wrath will burn to worlds unknown
If ye provoke his jealousy. 36

10. His storms shall drive you quick to hell;
He is a God, and ye but dust:
Happy the souls that know him well,
And make his grace their only trust *. 40

* Stanza v. Declared to be the Son of God with power by his resurrection from the dead, Rom. 1. 4.

PSALM III. Common Metre.

*Doubts and fears suppressed, or, God our defence from sin
and Satan.*

MY God, how many are my fears!
How fast my foes increase!
Conspiring my eternal death
They break my present peace. 4

2. The lying tempter would persuade
There's no relief in Heav'n,
And all my swelling sins appear
Too big to be forgiv'n. 8

3. But thou, my glory and my strength,
Shalt on the tempter tread,
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,
And raise my drooping head. 12

[4. I cry'd, and from his holy hill
He bow'd a list'ning ear:
I call'd my Father and my God,
And he subdu'd my fear. 16

5. He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes
In spite of all my foes:
I'woke, and wonder'd at the grace
That guarded my repose.] 20

6. What tho' the hosts of Death and Hell
All arm'd against me stood?
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;
My refuge is my God. 24

7. Arise O Lord! fulfil thy grace
While I thy glory sing:
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
And Death has lost his sting. 23

8. Salvation to the Lord belongs,
His arm alone can save;
Blessings attend thy people here,
And reach beyond the grave †. 32

PSALM III. ver. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8. Long Metre.

A morning Psalm.

O Lord, how many are my foes
In this weak state of flesh and blood!
My peace they daily discompose,
But my defence and hope is God. 4

2. Tir'd with the burdens of the day
To thee I rais'd an ev'ning cry:
Thou heard'st when I began to pray,
And thine almighty help was nigh. 8

3. Supported by thine heav'nly aid
I laid me down and slept secure:
Not death should make my heart afraid
Tho' I should wake and rise no more. 12

† In this Psalm I have changed David's personal enemies into the spiritual enemies of every Christian, namely, sin, Satan, &c. and have mentioned the serpent, the tempter, the guilt of sin, and the sting of death, which are words well known in The New Testament.

4. But God sustain'd me all the night;
 Salvation doth to God belong;
 He rais'd my head to see the light,
 And make his praise my morning song †. 16

PSALM IV. VER. 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 7. Long Metre.

Hearing of prayer, or, God our portion, and Christ our hope.

O God of grace and righteousness
 Hear and attend when I complain;
 Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
 Bow down a gracious ear again. 4

2. Ye Sons of men! in vain ye try
 To turn my glory into shame:
 How long will scoffers love to lie
 And dare reproach my Saviour's name? 8

3. Know that the Lord divides his saints
 From all the tribes of men beside;
 He hears the cry of penitents
 For the dear sake of Christ that dy'd. 12

4. When our obedient hands have done
 A thousand works of righteousness
 We put our trust in God alone,
 And glory in his pard'ning grace. 16

† In the 3d and 4th Psalms there is a verse or two that shew the one to be writ in the morning the other in the evening, wherefore I have chosen out those parts that seem most easily applicable, and have turned them into a morning and evening song.

5. Let the unthinking many say
 "Who will bestow some earthly good?"
 But Lord, thy light and love we pray;
 Our souls desire this heav'nly food. 20

6. Then shall my cheerful pow'rs rejoice
 At grace and favour so divine,
 Nor will I change my happy choice
 For all their corn and all their wine†. 24

PSALM IV. ver. 3, 4, 5, 8. Common Metre.

An evening Psalm.

LORD, thou wilt hear me when I pray;
 I am for ever thine;
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin. 4

2. And while I rest my weary head,
 From cares and bus'ness free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
 With my own heart and thee. 8

3. I pay this ev'ning sacrifice;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God! my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone. 13

† Though this Psalm may not directly intend the Messiah, yet I have taken occasion to apply some expressions in it to Christ and his gospel, I hope with some advantage, and without offence.

4. Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace
 I'll give my eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days
 And will my slumbers keep. 16

PSALM V. Common Metre.

For the Lord's day morning.

LORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my pray'r,
 To thee lift up mine eye, 4

2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints. 8

3. Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand. 12

4. But to thy house will I resort
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thine holy court,
 And worship in thy fear. 16

5. O may thy spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness,
 Make ev'ry path of duty straight
 And plain before my face! 20

PAUSE.

6. My watchful enemies combine
To tempt my feet astray;
They flatter with a base design
To make my soul their prey. 24

7. Lord, crush the serpent in the dust;
And all his plots destroy;
While those that in thy mercy trust
For ever shout for joy. 28

8. The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
The mighty God will compass them
With favour as a shield. 32

PSALM VI. Common Metre.

Complaint in sickness, or, Diseases healed.

IN anger Lord rebuke me not,
Withdraw the dreadful storm;
Nor let thy fury grow so hot
Against a feeble worm. 4

* This Psalm begins with the mention of morning prayer, and proceeds to the worship of God in his temple, which inclined me to entitle it, *For a Lord's day morning*.----Stanza ii. and v. Where any just occasion is given to make mention of Christ and the Holy Spirit I refuse it not, and I am persuaded David would not have refused it had he lived under the gospel, nor St. Paul, had he written a psalmbook.

2. My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
My flesh with pain oppress'd;
My couch is witness to my tears,
My tears forbid my rest.

3. Sorrow and pain wear out my days,
I waste the night with cries,
Counting the minutes as they pass
Till the flow morning rise.

4. Shall I be still tormented more,
Mine eye consum'd with grief?
How long my God, how long before
Thy hand afford relief?

5. He hears when dust and ashes speak,
He pities all our groans,
He saves us for his mercy's sake,
And heals our broken bones.

6. The virtue of his sov'reign word
Restores our fainting breath;
For silent graves praise not the Lord,
Nor is he known in death*.

* Vexation by personal enemies is not a constant attendant of sickness, therefore in this version I have omitted it as a peculiar circumstance of David's: In the next version I have changed these enemies for temptations and despairing thoughts — The vth stanza of this Psalm, which is a plea in the prayer, may be naturally transposed to the end as a ground of praise.

My God who hears my humble moan
Will ease my grief and cheer my heart.

Pij

† Part of the last stanza I have borrowed from Psalm 124, being pleased with the agreement in the words: "My God who hears my humble moan" and "My God who hears my humble moan".

PSALM VI. Long Metre.

Temptations in sickness overcome.

LORD, I can suffer thy rebukes
When thou with kindness dost chastise,
But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
O let it not against me rise!

2. Pity my languishing estate,
And ease the sorrows that I feel;
The wounds thine heavy hand hath made
O let thy gentler touches heal!

3. See how I pass my weary days
In sighs and groans, and when 't is night
My bed is water'd with my tears;
My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4. Look how the pow'rs of Nature mourn!
How long almighty God! how long?
When shall thine hour of grace return?
When shall I make thy grace my song?

5. I feel my flesh so near the grave
My thoughts are tempted to despair;
But graves can never praise the Lord,
For all is dust and silence there.

6. Depart ye Tempters! from my soul,
And all despairing thoughts depart:
My God who hears my humble moan
Will ease my flesh and cheer my heart†.

† Part of the three first stanzas I have borrowed from Dr. Patrick, being pleased with the agreeable turn he gives to David's sense.

PSALM VII. Common Metre.

God's care of his people, and punishment of persecutors.

My trust is in my heav'nly Friend,
My hope in thee my God;
Rise and my helpless life defend
From those that seek my blood.

2. With insolence and fury they
My soul in pieces tear,
As hungry lions rend the prey
When no deliv'rer's near.

3. If I had e'er provok'd them first
Or once abus'd my foe,
Then let him tread my life to dust
And lay mine honour low.

4. If there be malice hid in me,
I know thy piercing eyes,
I should not dare appeal to thee,
Nor ask my God to rise.

5. Arise my God, lift up thy hand,
Their pride and pow'r control;
Awake to judgment, and command
Deliv'rance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6. Let sinners and their wicked rage
Be humbled to the dust:
Shall not the God of truth engage
To vindicate the just?

7. He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
He will defend th' upright;
His sharpest arrows he ordains
Against the sons of spite. 28

8. For me their malice digg'd a pit,
But there themselves are cast;
My God makes all their mischief light
On their own heads at last. 32

9. That cruel persecuting race
Must feel his dreadful sword.
Awake my Soul! and praise the grace
And justice of the Lord *. 36

PSALM VIII. Short Metre.

*God's sovereignty and goodness, and man's dominion over
the creatures.*

O Lord, our heav'nly King,
Thy name is all divine,
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine. 4

2. When to thy works on high
I raise my wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon complete in light
Adorn the darksome skies; 8

* In this Psalm I have not exactly followed every single verse of the Psalmist, but have endeavoured to contract the substance of it into fewer lines, yet not without a regard to the literal sense and words also, as will appear by the comparison.

3. When I survey the stars
And all their shining forms,
Lord what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms? 12

4. Lord what is worthless man
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below. 16

5. Thine honours crown his head
While beasts like slaves obey,
And birds that cut the air with wings
And fish that cleave the sea. 20

6. How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways!
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise. 24

[7. Out of the mouths of babes
And sucklings thou canst draw
Surprising honours to thy name,
And strike the world with awe. 28

8. O Lord our heavenly King
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine*. 32

† Stanza vii. The transposing of the 2d verse of this Psalm towards the end will not appear offensive, since the connexion of it with the other parts of the Psalm appears so much more visible.

PSALM VIII. Common Metre.

Christ's condescension and glorification, or, God made man.

O Lord our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let men and babes proclaim. 4

2. When I behold thy works on high,
The moon that rules the night,
And stars that well adorn the sky,
Those moving worlds of light; 8

3. Lord! what is man, or all his race,
Who dwells so far below,
That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
And love his nature so? 12

4. That thine Eternal Son should bear
To take a mortal form,
Made lower than his angels are,
To save a dying worm? 16

[5. Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
And men would not adore,
Th' obedient seas and fishes own
His godhead and his pow'r. 20

6. The waves lay spread beneath his feet,
And fish at his command
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
Bring tribute to his hand. 24

7. These lesser glories of the Son
Shone thro' the fleshly cloud;
Now we behold him on his throne,
[And men confess him God.] 28

8. Let him be crown'd with majesty
Who bow'd his head to death,
And be his honours sounded high
By all things that have breath. 32

9. Jesus our Lord, how wondrous great
Is thine exalted name!
The glories of thy heav'nly state
Let the whole earth proclaim †. 36

PSALM VIII. VER. 1, 2. paraphrased. The first part.
Long Metre.

The Hosanna of the children, or, Infants praising God.

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made. 4

† Stan. iv. If the citation of part of this Psalm by the apostle, Heb. ii. 5. be but a mere allusion, yet it affords ground enough for the turn I have given it in this version, and the application of it to Christ.—Stanza vi. line 1. *Jesus went to them walking on the sea*, Matt. xiv. 25.—Line 2. *He said to Simon, Launch out, &c. and they enclosed a great multitude of fishes*, Luke v. 4, 6.—Line 4. *Cast an hook and take up the fish—thou shalt find piece of money*, &c. Matt. xvii. 27.

2. To thee the voices of the young
A monument of honour raise,
And babes with uninstructed tongue
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

3. Thy pow'r assists their tender age
To bring proud rebels to the ground,
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,
And all their policies confound.

4. Children amidst thy temple throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And young hosannas fill the place.

5. The frowning scribes and angry priests
In vain their impious cavils bring;
Revenge sits silent in their breasts
Whilst Jewish babes proclaim their King *.

PSALM VIII. VER. 3, &c. paraphrased. The second part.
Long Metre.

Adam and Christ lords of the old and the new creation.

LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race
But just below an angel's place?

* The two first verses are here paraphrased, and explained by the history of the children crying Hosanna to Christ, *Matt. xxi. 15, 16.* where our Saviour cites and applies those words of the Psalmist.

2. That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him lord of all below,
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet?

3. But O! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state!
What honours shall thy Son adorn
Who condescended to be born!

4. See him below his angels made,
See him in dust amongst the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin;
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

5. The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

PSALM IX. The first part.

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.

WITH my whole heart I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong
Wilt put my foes to shame.

† I am persuaded the true meaning of the apostle in citing the words of this Psalm, and applying them to our Saviour, Heb. ii. 5. &c. is to shew that Christ the second Adam must have dominion over the new world, as Adam the first man had over the old, and that he is truly and really man, because the first Adam is the figure and type of him in this his dominion,

2. I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

3. Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
For all the poor oppress'd,
To save the people of his love
And give the weary rest.

4. The men that know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace,
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just
Who humbly seek thy face.

5. Sing praises to the righteous Lord
Who dwells on Zion's hill,
Who executes his threat'ning word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

PSALM IX. ver. 12. The second part.

The wisdom and equity of Providence.

WHEN the great Judge, supreme and just,
Shall once inquire for blood,
The humble souls that mourn in dust
Shall find a faithful God.

2. He from the dreadful gates of death
Does his own children raise;
In Zion's gates with cheerful breath
They sing their Father's praise.

3. His foes shall fall with heedless feet

Into the pit they made,

And sinners perish in the net

That their own hands have spread. 12

4. Thus by thy judgments mighty God!

Are thy deep counsels known:

When men of mischief are destroy'd

The snare must be their own. 16

PAUSE.

5. The wicked shall sink down to hell:

Thy wrath devours the lands

That dare forget thee, or rebel

Against thy known commands. 20

6. Tho' faints to sore distress are brought,

And wait and long complain,

Their cries shall not be still forgot,

Nor shall their hopes be vain. 24

[7. Rise great Redeemer! from thy seat

To judge and save the poor,

Let nations tremble at thy feet,

And man prevail no more. 28

8. Thy thunder shall affright the proud

And put their hearts to pain,

Make them confess that thou art God

And they but feeble men.] 32

Gij

PSALM X.

*Prayer heard, and saints saved, or, Pride, Atheism, and
oppression, punished.*

For a humiliation day.

WHY doth the Lord stand off so far,
And why conceal his face,
When great calamities appear
And times of deep distress?

2. Lord, shall the wicked still deride

Thy justice and thy pow'r?
Shall they advance their heads in pride
And still thy saints devour?

3. They put thy judgments from their sight

And then insult the poor;
They boast in their exalted height
That they shall fall no more.

4. Arise O God! lift up thine hand,

Attend our humble cry;
No enemy shall dare to stand
When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5. Why do the men of malice rage,
And say with foolish pride

"The God of heav'n will ne'er engage
To fight on Zion's side."

6. But thou for ever art our Lord,
 And pow'rful is thine hand;
 As when the Heathens felt thy sword,
 And perish'd from thy land.

7. Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
 And cause thine ear to hear;
 He hearkens what his children say,
 And puts the world in fear.

8. Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
 No more despise the just;
 And mighty sinners shall confess
 They are but earth and dust.

PSALM XII.

God loves the righteous and hates the wicked.

My refuge is the God of love;
 Why do my foes insult and cry,
 "Fly like a tim'rous trembling dove,
 "To distant woods or mountains fly?"

2. If government be all destroy'd,
 (That firm foundation of our peace)
 And violence make justice void,
 Where shall the righteous seek redress?

3. The Lord in heav'n has fix'd his throne,
 His eye surveys the world below;
 To him all mortal things are known,
 His eyelids search our spirits thro'.

4. If he afflicts his saints so far, so fast, and so long,
To prove their love and try their grace,
What may the bold transgressors fear!
His very soul abhors their ways!

5. On impious wretches he shall rain
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
Such as he kindled on the plain
Of Sodom with his angry breath.

6. The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere,
And with a gracious eye beholds
The men that his own image bear.

PSALM XII. Long Metre.

*The saints' safety and hope in evil times, or, Sins of the
tongue complained of, viz. blasphemy, falsehood, &c.*

LORD, if thou dost not soon appear
Virtue and truth will fly away;
A faithful man amongst us here
Will scarce be found if thou delay.

2. The whole discourse when neighbours meet
Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
Their lips are flatt'ry and deceit,
And their proud language is profane.

3. But lips that with deceit abound
Shall not maintain their triumph long;
The God of vengeance will confound
The flatt'ring and blaspheming tongue.

4. " Yet shall our words be free," they cry;
 " Our tongue shall be controll'd by none;
 " Where is the lord will ask us why,
 " Or say our lips are not our own?"

5. The Lord who sees the poor oppress,
 And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
 Will rise to give his children rest,
 Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6. Thy word O Lord! tho' often try'd,
 Void of deceit shall still appear;
 Not silver seven times purify'd
 From dross and mixture shines so clear.

7. Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
 Defend the holy soul from harm;
 Tho' when the vilest men have pow'r
 On ev'ry side will sinners swarm.

PSALM XII. Common Metre.

Complaint of a general corruption of manners, or, The promise and sign of Christ's coming to judgment.

HELP Lord! for men of virtue fail,
 Religion loses ground,
 The sons of violence prevail,
 And treacheries abound.

2. Their oaths and promises they break,
 Yet act the flatt'rer's part;
 With fair deceitful lips they speak,
 And with a double heart.

3. If we reprove some hateful lie,
How is their fury stirr'd?
"Are not our lips our own," they cry,
"And who shall be our lord?"

4. Scoffers appear on ev'ry side,
Where a vile race of men
Is rais'd to seats of pow'r and pride,
And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5. Lord! when iniquities abound,
And blasphemy grows bold,
When faith is hardly to be found,
And love is waxing cold,

6. Is not thy chariot hast'ning on?
Hast thou not giv'n the sign?
May we not trust and live upon
A promise so divine?

7. "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise
"And make oppressors flee;
"I shall appear to their surprise,
"And set my servants free."

8. Thy word like silver sev'n times try'd
Thro' ages shall endure;
The men that in thy truth confide
Shall find the promise sure †.

† Stanza iv. The last verse of this Psalm may naturally be inserted here.—Stanza v. The signs of Christ's coming mentioned in The New Testament, *Matt. xxiv. 12. Luke xviii. 8.* are abounding iniquity, love waxing cold, and faith scarce to be found, and seem very much akin to the sense of this Psalm.

PSALM XXXIII. Long Metre.

Pleading with God under desertion, or, Hope in darkness.

How long O Lord shall I complain,
Like one that seeks his God in vain?
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,
And I still pray and be deny'd?

2. Shall I for ever be forgot
As one whom thou regardest not?
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,
And still despair of thy return?

3. How long shall my poor troubled breast
Be with these anxious thoughts oppress'd,
And Satan my malicious foe
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

4. Hear Lord, and grant me quick relief:
Before my death conclude my grief:
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light
I sleep in everlasting night.

5. How will the powers of darkness boast
If but one praying soul be lost?
But I have trusted in thy grace,
And shall again behold thy face.

6. Whate'er my fears or foes suggest
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest:
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

PSALM XIII. Common Metre.

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

How long wilt thou conceal thy face,
 My God, how long delay?
 When shall I feel those heav'nly rays
 That chase my fears away?

2. How long shall my poor lab'ring soul
 Wrestle and toil in vain?
 Thy word can all my foes control
 And ease my raging pain.

3. See how the prince of darkness tries
 All his malicious arts;
 He spreads a mist around my eyes,
 And throws his fiery darts.

4. Be thou my sun, and thou my shield,
 My soul in safety keep;
 Make haste, before mine eyes are seal'd
 In death's eternal sleep.

5. How would the tempter boast aloud
 If I become his prey!
 Behold the sons of hell grow proud
 At thy so long delay.

6. But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
 And Satan hide his head;
 He knows the terrors of thy look,
 And hears thy voice with dread.

7. Thou wilt display that sov'reign grace
Where all my hopes have hung :
I shall employ my lips in praise,
And vict'ry shall be sung. 28

PSALM XIV. First part.

By nature all men are sinners.

Fools in their heart believe and say
"That all religion 's vain,
"There is no God that reigns on high
"Or minds th' affairs of men." 4

2. From thoughts so dreadful and profane
Corrupt discourse proceeds,
And in their impious hands are found
Abominable deeds. 8

3. The Lord from his celestial throne
Look'd down on things below,
To find the man that sought his grace
Or did his justice know. 12

4. By nature all are gone astray,
Their practice all the same;
There 's none that fears his Maker's hand,
There 's none that loves his name. 16

5. Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease;
How swift to mischief are their feet!
Nor know the paths of peace. 20

6. Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
 In ev'ry heart are found,
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit
 Till grace refine the ground. 24

PSALM. XIV. Second part.

The folly of persecutors.

ARE sinners now so senseless grown
 That they the saints devour,
 And never worship at thy throne,
 Nor fear thine awful pow'r? 4
 2. Great God! appear to their surprise,
 Reveal thy dreadful name;
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,
 Nor turn our hope to shame. 8
 3. Dost thou not dwell among the just?
 And yet our foes deride
 That we should make thy name our trust;
 Great God! confound their pride. 12
 4. O that the joyful day were come
 To finish our distress!
 When God shall bring his children home,
 Our songs shall never cease. 16

‡ Several verses of this Psalm are cited by the apostle, Rom. iii. 10, &c. to shew the universal corruption of human nature, wherefore I have brought more of the apostle's words there used into the ivth and vth stanzas here, and concluded this part of the Psalm agreeably to St. Paul's design.—Note, The 2d part of this Psalm speaks only of persecutors and the enemies of the church, therefore I have divided it from the former.

PSALM XV. Common Metre.

Characters of a saint, or a citizen of Zion, or, The qualifications of a Christian.

WHO shall inhabit in thy hill
O God of holiness?
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
So near his throne of grace? 4

2. The man that walks in pious ways
And works with righteous hands,
That trusts his Maker's promises
And follows his commands. 3

3. He speaks the meaning of his heart,
Nor flanders with his tongue,
Will scarce believe an ill report,
Nor do his neighbour wrong. 12

4. The wealthy sinner he contemns,
Loves all that fear the Lord,
And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
Still he performs his word. 16

5. His hands disdain a golden bribe,
And never gripe the poor:
This man shall dwell with God on earth
And find his heav'n secure. 20

Volume I.

H

PSALM XV. Long Metre.

*Religion and justice, goodness and truth, or, Duties to God
and man, or, The qualifications of a Christian.*

Who shall ascend thy heav'nly place
Great God! and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below;
2. Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.
[3. Scarce will he trust an ill report,
Nor vent it to his neighbour's hurt:
Sinners of state he can despise,
But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]
[4. Firm to his word he ever stood,
And always makes his promise good,
Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
Whatever pain or loss he bears.]
[5. He never deals in bribing gold,
And mourns that justice should be sold:
While others gripe and grind the poor,
Sweet Charity attends his door.]
6. He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

7. Yet when his holiest works are done

His soul depends on grace alone:

This is the man thy face shall see,

And dwell for ever Lord with thee †.

28

PSALM XVI. The first part. Long Metre.

Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company, or,

Good works profit men not God.

PRESERVE me Lord in time of need;

For succour to thy throne I flee,

But have no merits there to plead;

My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2. Oft' have my heart and tongue confess

How empty and how poor I am;

My praise can never make thee blest,

Nor add new glories to thy name.

3. Yet Lord thy saints on earth may reap

Some profit by the good we do:

These are the company I keep,

These are the choicest friends I know.

† Since our blessed Saviour in The New Testament has so much explained the duties of the law and published the gospel, I could not pass over this Psalm of the characters of the Jewish saint without inserting some brighter articles that must belong to the Christian, such as alms and charity to the poor, love to enemies, blessing those that curse us, doing to others as we would have them do to us, and hope of acceptance only through divine grace.—I thought it necessary also to leave out the mention of usury, ver. 5. which though politically forbidden by the Jews among themselves was never unlawful to the Gentiles, nor to any Christians since the Jewish polity expired.

H ij

4. Let others chuse the sons of mirth
To give a relish to their wine,
I love the men of heav'nly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine! 16

PSALM XVI. The second part. Long Metre.

Christ's allsufficiency.

How fast their guilt and sorrows rise
Who haste to seek some idol god!
I will not taste their sacrifice,
Their off'rings of forbidden blood. 4

2. My God provides a richer cup
And nobler food to live upon;
He for my life has offer'd up
Jesus, his best-beloved Son. 8

3. His love is my perpetual feast;
By day his counsels guide me right;
And be his name for ever blest
Who gives me sweet advice by night. 12

4. I set him still before mine eyes;
At my right hand he stands prepar'd
To keep my soul from all surprise
And be my everlasting guard. 16

‡ From the Psalmist's mention of drink-offerings of blood I take occasion to allude to the sacrifice of Christ; *His flesh is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed*, John vi. 55.

PSALM XVI. The third part. Long Metre.

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

16 WHEN God is nigh my faith is strong,

His arm is my almighty prop :

Be glad my heart, rejoice my tongue,

My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2. Tho' in the dust I lay my head,

Yet gracious God thou wilt not leave

My soul for ever with the dead,

Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3. My flesh shall thy first call obey,

Shake off the dust and rise on high;

Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way

Up to thy throne above the sky.

4. There streams of endless pleasure flow,

And full discov'ries of thy grace

(Which we but tasted here below)

Spread heav'nly joys thro' all the place †.

PSALM XVI. ver. 1,—8. The first part. Com. Metre.

Support and counsel from God without merit.

16 SAVE me O Lord from ev'ry foe;

In thee my trust I place,

Tho' all the good that I can do

Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

† The last verses of this Psalm are applied only to Christ, Acts xiii. 36. and Heb. xiii. 20.; yet since they contain so fair a view of a resurrection, which is so seldom found in this book, I have formed these four stanzas into such expressions as may be assumed by Christians and applied to themselves.

2. Yet if my God prolong my breath

The faints may profit by 't,
The faints, the glory of the earth,
The men of my delight.

3. Let Heathens to their idols haste

And worship wood or stone,
But my delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

4. His hand provides my constant food,

He fills my daily cup;
Much am I pleas'd with present good,
But more rejoice in hope.

5. God is my portion and my joy,

His counsels are my light,
He gives me sweet advice by day
And gentle hints by night.

6. My soul would all her thoughts approve

To his allseeing eye;
Not death nor hell my hope shall move
While such a friend is nigh.

PSALM XVI. The second part. Common Metre.

The death and resurrection of Christ.

" I Set the Lord before my face,
" He bears my courage up;
" My heart my tongue their joye express,
" My flesh shall rest in hope.

3. " My spirit Lord thou wilt not leave
 " Where souls departed are,
 " Nor quit my body to the grave
 " To see corruption there.

3. " Thou wilt reveal the path of life;
 " And raise me to thy throne;
 " Thy courts immortal pleasure give,
 " Thy presence joys unknown."

[4. Thus in the name of Christ the Lord
 The holy David sung,
 And Providence fulfils the word
 Of his prophetick tongue.

5. Jesus, whom ev'ry saint adores,
 Was crucify'd and slain;
 Behold the tomb its prey restores,
 Behold he lives again!

6. When shall my feet arise and stand
 On heav'n's eternal hills?
 There sits the Son at God's right hand,
 And there the Father smiles †.]

† In this version I have applied the three last verses of this Psalm to Christ alone, as St. Peter applies them Acts ii. 23; yet instead of the fourth line of the second stanza, *To see corruption there*, you may read thus, *To dwell for ever there*, and then the three first stanzas may be sung alone, and applied to every Christian. — Stanza ii. It is now agreed by the learned that *Sheol*, which is rendered *hell*, signifies only the state of the dead, that is, the grave for the body, and the separate state for the spirit.

PSALM XVII. ver. 13. *W.C. Short Metre.*

Portion of saints and sinners, or, Hope and despair in death.

ARISE my gracious God
And make the wicked flee;
They are but thy chastising rod
To drive thy saints to thee.

2. Behold the sinner dies,
His haughty words are vain;
Here in this life his pleasure lies,
And all beyond is pain.

3. Then let his pride advance,
And boast of all his store;
The Lord is my inheritance;
My soul can wish no more.

4. I shall behold the face
Of my forgiving God,
And stand complete in righteousness
Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5. There's a new heav'n begun
When I awake from death,
Dress'd in the likeness of thy Son,
And draw immortal breath.

† Stanza v. The heaven which souls enjoy in the separate state is so much increased by the resurrection of the body that it may be called a *new heaven*, the heaven of the body as well as of the soul.

PSALM XVII. Long Metre.

*The sinner's portion and saint's hope, or, The heaven of
separate souls, and the resurrection.*

LORD I am thine; but thou wilt prove

My faith, my patience, and my love;

When men of spite against me join,

They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2. Their hope and portion lies below;

'Tis all the happiness they know,

'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,

And leave the rest among their heirs.

3. What sinners value I resign;

Lord 't is enough that thou art mine:

I shall behold thy blissful face,

And stand complete in righteousness.

4. This life 's a dream, an empty show;

But the bright world to which I go

Hath joys substantial and sincere:

When shall I wake and find me there?

5. O glorious hour! O bless'd abode!

I shall be near and like my God!

And flesh and sin no more control

The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6. My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise †.

24

PSALM XVIII. ver. 1,—6, 15,—18. The first part.

Long Metre.

Deliverance from despair, or, Temptations overcome.

THEE will I love O Lord! my strength,
My rock, my tow'r, my high defence;
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

4

2. Death and the terrors of the grave
Stood round me with their dismal shade,
While floods of high temptations rose
And made my sinking soul afraid.

8

† The sense of a great part of this Psalm occurs so often in the book of Psalms that I thought it necessary to translate no more than these few verses of it, namely, ver. 3. *Thou hast proved my heart, thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing*; ver. 13. *The wicked are thy sword*; ver. 14. *The men of the world have their portion in this life, whose belly thou fillest; they leave the rest of their substance to their babes*; ver. 15. *I shall behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness*.—I confess I have indulged a large exposition here, but I could not forbear to give my thoughts a loose upon this divine description of complete blessedness in the 15th verse, this bright abridgment of heaven.—From the word *awake* I have taken occasion to represent the departing soul's *awaking* into the world of spirits as well as the body's *awaking* from the grave.

3. I saw the op'ning gates of hell,
 With endless pains and sorrows there
 Which none but they that feel can tell,
 While I was hurry'd to despair. 12

4. In my distress I call'd my God,
 When I could scarce believe him mine;
 He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
 Then did his grace appear divine. 16

[5. With speed he flew to my relief,
 As on a cherub's wing he rode;
 Awful and bright as lightning shone
 The face of my deliv'rer God. 20

6. Temptations fled at his rebuke,
 The blast of his almighty breath;
 He sent salvation from on high,
 And drew me from the depths of death.] 24

7. Great were my fears, my foes were great,
 Much was their strength and more their rage;
 But Christ my Lord is conq'ror still
 In all the wars that devils wage. 28

8. My song for ever shall record
 That terrible that joyful hour,
 And give the glory to the Lord,
 Due to his mercy and his pow'r †. 32

† I have divided this long Psalm into three parts, and accommodated the several verses of it to our spiritual warfare and victory through grace, as being of more frequent and general use to Christians; yet there are so noble expressions of triumph in God and thanks for victory over temporal enemies scattered up and down, that persuaded me to form them afterwards in common metre also, agreeable to their original design.

PSALM XVIII. VER. 20,—26. The second part.

Long Metre.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

LORD thou hast seen my soul sincere,
 Hast made thy truth and love appear;
 Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
 And thou hast own'd my righteous cause. 4

2. Since I have learn'd thy holy ways
 I've walk'd upright before thy face,
 Or if my feet did e'er depart
 'Twas never with a wicked heart. 8

3. What fore temptations broke my rest!
 What wars and strugglings in my breast!
 But thro' thy grace that reigns within
 I guard against my darling sin. 12

4. That sin that close besets me still,
 That works and strives against my will,
 When shall thy Spirit's sov'reign pow'r
 Destroy it that it rise no more. 16

[5. With an impartial hand the Lord
 Deals out to mortals their reward;
 The kind and faithful souls shall find
 A God as faithful and as kind. 20

6. The just and pure shall ever say
 Thou art more pure more just than they;
 And men that love revenge shall know
 God hath an arm of vengeance too.] 24

PSALM XVIII. ver. 30, 31, 34, 35, 46, &c.

The third part. Long Metre.

Rejoicing in God, or, Salvation and triumph.

JUST are thy ways and true thy word,
Great Rock of my secure abode :
Who is a God beside the Lord,
Or where 's a refuge like our God? 4

2. 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
Gives me his holy sword to wield,
And while with sin and hell I fight
Spreads his salvation for my shield. 8

3. He lives, (and blessed be my Rock)
The God of my salvation lives!
The dark designs of hell are broke;
Sweet is the peace my Father gives. 12

4. Before the scoffers of the age
I will exalt my Father's name,
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
But meet reproach and bear the shame. 16

5. To David and his royal seed
Thy grace for ever shall extend :
Thy love to saints in Christ their head
Knows not a limit nor an end. 20

Volume I.

PSALM XVIII. The first part. Common Metre.

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

WE love thee Lord, and we adore;
 Now is thine arm reveal'd;
 Thou art our strength, our heav'nly tow'r,
 Our bulwark and our shield. 4

2. We fly to our eternal Rock
 And find a sure defence;
 His holy name our lips invoke
 And draw salvation thence. 8

3. When God our leader shines in arms
 What mortal heart can bear
 The thunder of his loud alarms,
 The lightning of his spear? 12

4. He rides upon the winged wind,
 And angels in array
 In millions wait to know his mind,
 And swift as flames obey. 16

5. He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke
 Whole armies are dismay'd;
 His voice, his frown, his angry look,
 Strikes all their courage dead. 20

6. He forms our gen'als for the field
 With all their dreadful skill,
 Gives them his awful sword to wield,
 And makes their hearts of steel. 24

7. He arms our captains to the fight;
 (Tho' there his name 's forgot,
 He girded Cyrus with his might,
 But Cyrus knew him not.)

8. Oft' has the Lord whole nations blest
 For his own church's sake:
 The pow'rs that give his people rest
 Shall of his care partake †.]

PSALM XVIII. The second part. Common Metre.

The conqueror's song.

To thine almighty arm we owe
 The triumphs of the day;
 Thy terrors Lord confound the foe
 And melt their strength away.

2. 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail
 And break united pow'rs,
 Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
 The proudest of their tow'rs.

3. How have we chas'd them thro' the field
 And trod them to the ground,
 While thy salvation was our shield,
 But they no shelter found!

† Stanza vii. Isa. xlv. 1, 5. Thus saith the Lord to Cyrus—
 I girded thee though thou hast not known me.

4. In vain to idol saints they cry
And perish in their blood;
Where is a rock so great, so high,
So pow'rful, as our God?

5. The rock of Israel ever lives,
His name be ever blest;
'Tis his own arm the vict'ry gives,
And gives his people rest.

6. On kings that reign as David did
He pours his blessings down,
Secures their honours to their seed,
And well supports their crown.

PSALM XIX. The first part. Short Metre.

The book of Nature and Scripture.

For a Lord's day morning.

BEHOLD the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

2. The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.

3. In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand
And orders of his throne.

4. Ye British lands rejoice!

He here reveals his word:

We are not left to Nature's voice

To bid us know the Lord.

5. His statutes and commands

Are set before our eyes;

He puts his gospel in our hands,

Where our salvation lies.

6. His laws are just and pure,

His truth without deceit,

His promises for ever sure,

And his rewards are great.

7. [Not honey to the taste

Affords so much delight,

Nor gold that has the furnace past

So much allures the sight,

8. While of thy works I sing

Thy glory to proclaim,

Accept the praise my God, my King,

In my Redeemer's name *.]

* The Psalmist here and in other Psalms uses the word *law* to express the five books of Moses, or all the divine revelation that he had in his time; yet Christ and the Apostles so frequently distinguish the law and the gospel, that I have chosen to imitate their language, and have often introduced the words *gospel*, *truth*, and *promise*, instead of *statutes*, *testimonies*, &c. as being more agreeable to the style of The New Testament.—Stanza viii. I have here inserted the last verse of the Psalm with an evangelical turn, as a proper conclusion of this first part, the whole being too long to be sung at once according to our present custom.

PSALM XIX. The second part. Short Metre.

God's word most excellent, or, Sincerity and watchfulness.

For a Lord's day morning.

BEHOLD the morning sun
 Begins his glorious way,
 His beams thro' all the nations run
 And life and light convey.

2. But where the gospel comes
 It spreads diviner light,
 It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
 And gives the blind their sight.

3. How perfect is thy word!
 And all thy judgments just;
 For ever sure thy promise Lord,
 And men securely trust.

4. My gracious God how plain
 Are thy directions giv'n!
 O may I never read in vain,
 But find the path to heav'n!

PAUSE.

5. I hear thy word with love,
 And I would fain obey;
 Send thy good Spirit from above
 To guide me lest I stray.

6. O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet with a bold presumptuous mind
I would not dare transgress. 24

7. Warn me of ev'ry sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts. 28

8. While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song
My Saviour and my God. 31

PSALM XIX. Long Metre.

*The books of Nature and of Scripture compared, or, The
glory and success of the gospel.*

THE heav'ns declare thy glory Lord,
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines,
But when our eyes behold thy word
We read thy name in fairer lines. 4

2. The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy pow'r confess,
But the best volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace. 8

3. Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth begun its race
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land. 12

4. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest
 'Till thro' the world thy truth has run,
 'Till Christ has all the nations blest
 That see the light or feel the sun. 16

5. Great Sun of Righteousness arise,
 Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right. 20

6. Thy noblest wonders here we view
 In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n:
 Lord cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heav'n †. 24

PSALM XIX. To the tune of the 113th Psalm.

The book of Nature and Scripture.

GREAT God! the heav'n's wellorder'd frame
 Declares the glories of thy name;
 There thy rich works of wonder shine;
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks, appear
 Of boundless pow'r and skill divine. 6

† Though the plain design of the Psalmist is to shew the excellency of the book of Scripture above the book of Nature, in order to convert and save a sinner, yet the Apostle Paul, in Rom. x. 18. applies or accommodates the 4th verse to the spreading of the gospel over the Roman empire, which is called the *whole world* in The New Testament, and in this version I have endeavoured to imitate him.

2. From night to day from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need. 12

3. Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journies of the sun,
And ev'ry nation knows their voice.
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice. 18

4. Where'er he spreads his beams abroad
He smiles, and speaks his maker God;
All Nature joins to shew thy praise:
Thus God in ev'ry creature shines
Fair as the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace. 24

PAUSE.

5. I love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest. 30

6. From the discov'ries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
He from his sanctuary sends
His word, and strength when Zion calls.

These are my study and delight :
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold that hath the furnace past
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7. Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes
 And warn me where my danger lies;
 But 't is thy blessed gospel Lord
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free but large reward.

8. Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
 My God forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain:
 Accept my poor attempts of praise
 That I have read thy book of grace
 And book of nature not in vain.

PSALM XX.

Prayer and hope of victory.

For a day of prayer in time of war,

Now may the God of pow'r and grace
 Attend his people's humble cry:
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings deliv'rance from on high.

2. The name of Jacob's God defends
 Better than shields or brazen walls;
 He from his sanctuary sends
 Succour and strength when Zion calls.

3. Well he remembers all our sighs,
His love exceeds our best desires;
His love accepts the sacrifice
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4. In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5. Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

[6. O may the mem'ry of thy name
Inspire our armies for the fight!
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

7. Now save us Lord! from slavish fear,
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And joy and triumph raise the song.

PSALM XXI. Common Metre.

Our king is the care of Heaven.

THE king O Lord! with songs of praise
Shall in thy strength rejoice,
And bless'd with thy salvation raise
To heav'n his cheerful voice.

2. Thy sure defence thro' nations round
Has spread his glorious name,
And his successful actions crown'd
With majesty and fame.

3. Then let the king on God alone
For timely aid rely;
His mercy shall support the throne,
And all our wants supply.

4. But righteous Lord! his stubborn foes
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate his mild command.

5. When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall like a fiery oven's rage
Their hopes and them consume.

6. Thus Lord! thy wondrous pow'r declare,
And thus exalt thy fame,
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
For thine almighty name*.

PSALM XXI. ver. 1,—9. Long Metre.

Christ exalted to the kingdom.

DAVID rejoic'd in God his strength,
Rais'd to the throne by special grace,
But Christ the Son appears at length,
Fulfil the triumph and the praise.

* I have borrowed almost all these stanzas from Mr. Tate's version, and they seem very applicable to his present Majesty King George, 1716.

2. How great is the Messiah's joy
In the salvation of thy hand!
Lord thou hast rais'd his kingdom high,
And giv'n the world to his command.

3. Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
Nor doth the least request withhold;
Blessings of love prevent him still,
And crowns of glory not of gold.

4. Honour and majesty divine
Around his sacred temples shine;
Bless'd with the favour of thy face,
And length of everlasting days.

5. Thine hand shall find out all his foes;
And as a fiery oven glows
With raging heat and living coals,
So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

PSALM XXII, ver. 1,—16. The first part.
Common Metre.

The sufferings and death of Christ.

WHY has my God my soul forsook,
Nor will a smile afford?
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,
And thus our dying Lord.)

Volume I.

2. Tho' it is thy chief delight to dwell
Among thy praising saints,
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
And pity our complaints.

3. Our fathers trusted in thy name
And great deliv'rance found,
But I'm a worm despis'd of men,
And trodden to the ground.

4. Shaking the head they pass me by
And laugh my soul to scorn;
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,
"Neglected and forlorn."

5. But thou art he who form'd my flesh
By thine almighty word,
And since I hung upon the breast
My hope is in the Lord.

6. Why will my Father hide his face
When foes stand threat'ning round,
In the dark hour of deep distress,
And not an helper found?

PAUSE.

7. Behold thy darling left among
The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
As lions roaring loud.

8. From earth and hell my sorrows meet
To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,
And try to vex my heart.

9. Yet if thy sov'reign hand let loose
The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise
The Son he loves so well? 36

10. My God, if possible it be,
Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
And drink the sorrows up. 40

11. My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,
In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down
Low as the dust of death. 44

12. Father, I give my spirit up,
And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
And rise at thy command. 48

PSALM XXII. VER. 20, 21, 27, — 31. The second part.

Common Metre.

Christ's sufferings and kingdom.

"Now from the roaring lion's rage,

"O Lord! protect thy Son,

"Nor leave thy darling to engage

"The pow'rs of hell alone." 4

Kij

When he was in pain and blood

As one forsaken of his God

2. Thus did our suffering Saviour pray
 With mighty cries and tears;
 God heard him in that dreadful day
 And chas'd away his fears.

3. Great was the victory of his death,
 His throne exalted high,
 And all the kindreds of the earth
 Shall worship or shall die.

4. A numerous offspring must arise
 From his expiring groans,
 They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
 For daughters and for sons.

5. The meek and humble souls shall see
 His table richly spread,
 And all that seek the Lord shall be
 With joys immortal fed.

6. The isles shall know the righteousness
 Of our incarnate God,
 And nations yet unborn profess
 Salvation in his blood.

PSALM XXIX. Long Metre.

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

Now let our mournful songs record
 The dying sorrows of our Lord,
 When he complain'd in tears and blood
 As one forsaken of his God.

2. The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads and laugh in scorn:

"He rescu'd others from the grave,

"Now let him try himself to save.

8

3. "This is the man did once pretend

"God was his father and his friend:

"If God the blessed lov'd him so

"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

12

4. Barbarous people! cruel priests!

How they stood round like savage beasts,

Like lions gaping to devour,

When God had left him in their pow'r.

16

5. They wound his head, his hands, his feet,

Till streams of blood each other meet,

By lot his garments they divide,

And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

20

6. But God his Father heard his cry:

Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high:

The nations learn his righteousness,

And humble sinners taste his grace †.

24

† In this version I have abridged the whole Psalm, and chosen only those verses of it which are cited or explained in the New Testament, namely, 1, 7, 8, 12, 13, 16, 18, 24, 28, 29, 31.

K iij

PSALM XXIII. Long Metre.

God our Shepherd.

My Shepherd is the living Lord;
 Now shall my wants be well supply'd;
 His providence and holy word
 Become my safety and my guide.

2. In pastures where salvation grows
 He makes me feed, he makes me rest,
 There living water gently flows,
 And all the food divinely blest.

3. My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,
 But he restores my soul to peace,
 And leads me for his mercy's sake
 In the fair paths of righteousness.

4. Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale
 Where death and all its terrors are,
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God my Shepherd's with me there.

5. Amidst the darkness and the deeps
 Thou art my comfort, thou my stay,
 Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6. The sons of earth and sons of hell
 Gaze at thy goodness, and repine
 To see my table spread so well
 With living bread and cheerful wine.

[7. How I rejoice when on my head
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
'Tis a divine anointing, shed
Like oil of gladness at a feast. 28

8. Surely the mercies of the Lord
Attend his household all their days;
There will I dwell to hear his word,
To seek his face and sing his praise.] 32

PSALM XXIII. Common Metre.

My Shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name,
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream. 4

2. He brings my wand'ring spirit back
When I forsake his ways,
And leads me for his mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace. 8

3. When I walk thro' the shades of death
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away. 12

4. Thy hand in spite of all my foes
Doth still my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head. 16

5. The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
And all my work be praised;

6. There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

PSALM XXIII. Short Metre.

THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supply'd;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2. He leads me to the place
Where heav'nly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3. If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

* Stanza iv. The oil or ointment that was used of old to anoint and perfume the head, in the sense and language of The New Testament must signify the communications of the Holy Spirit, which is called *the anointing*, 1 John ii. 20, 27. 28 I have explained it in the long metre, and *Psal. xiv. 47.* with *Yohn iii. 34.* approves it.

4. While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade;
My Shepherd's with me there. 6

5. In spite of all my foes
Thou dost my table spread,
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head. 20

6. The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days,
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise. 24

PSALM XXIV. Common Metre.

Dwelling with God.

THE earth for ever is the Lord's
With Adam's num'rous race,
He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
And built it on the seas. 4

2. But who among the sons of men
May visit thine abode?
He that has hands from mischief clean,
Whose heart is right with God. 8

3. This is the man may rise and take
The blessings of his grace,
This is the lot of those that seek
The God of Jacob's face. 12

4. Now let our souls' immortal pow'rs
To meet the Lord prepare,
Lift up their everlasting doors,
The King of glory's near. 16

5. The King of glory! who can tell
The wonders of his might?
He rules the nations, but to dwell
With saints is his delight. 20

PSALM XXIV. Long Metre.

Saints dwell in heaven, or, Christ's ascension.

THIS spacious earth is all the Lord's,
And men and worms, and beasts and birds,
He rais'd the buildings on the seas,
And gave it for their dwelling-place. 4

2. But there's a brighter world on high,
Thy palace Lord above the sky:
Who shall ascend that blest abode,
And dwell so near his maker God? 8

3. He that abhors and fears to sin,
Whose heart is pure, whose hands are clean,
Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
And clothe his soul with righteousness. 12

4. These are the men, the pious race,
That seek the God of Jacob's face,
These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
And dwell in everlasting light. 16

PAUSE.

5. Rejoice ye shining worlds on high,
Behold the King of glory nigh!
Who can this King of glory be?
The mighty Lord the Saviour's he. 20

6. Ye heav'nly gates your leaves display
To make the Lord the Saviour way;
Laden with spoils from earth and hell
The Conq'ror comes with God to dwell. 24

7. Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
He opens heav'n's eternal door,
To give his faints a blest abode
Near their Redeemer and their God †. 28

PSALM XXV. ver. I.—II. The first part.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

I Lift my Soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my blood
Still triumph in my shame. 4

† If this Psalm was written at the ascent of the ark of God into Zion, the city of David, it is not unnatural to apply it to the presence of Christ with his church in worship, as in the common metre, or to the ascension of Christ to heaven, as in this metre. In this and other parts of the Psalm I have endeavoured to make the connexion plain and easy, which is very obscure in the text.

2. Sin and the pow'rs of hell

Persuade me to despair;
 Lord make me know thy cov'nant well
 That I may 'scape the snare.

3. From the first dawning light
 Till the dark ev'ning rise
 For thy salvation Lord I wait
 With ever-longing eyes.

4. Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth,
 Forgive the sins of riper days
 And follies of my youth.

5. The Lord is just and kind,
 The meek shall learn his ways,
 And ev'ry humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.

6. For his own goodness' sake
 He saves my soul from shame;
 He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
 Thro' my Redeemer's name.

PSALM XXV. VER. 12, 14, 10, 13. Second part.

Divine instruction.

WHERE shall the man be found
 That fears t' offend his God,
 That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
 And trembles at the rod?

2. The Lord shall make him know

The secrets of his heart,
The wonders of his covenant show,
And all his love impart.

3. The dealings of his hand

Are truth and mercy still
With such as to his covenant stand
And love to do his will.

4. Their soul shall dwell at ease

Before their Maker's face,
Their seed shall taste the promises
In their extensive grace.

PSALM XXV. VER. 15, — 22. The third part.

Distress of soul, or, Backsliding and desertion.

MINE eyes and my desire
Are ever to the Lord;
I love to plead his promises
And rest upon his word.

2. Turn turn thee to my soul,

Bring thy salvation near;
When will thy hand release my feet
Out of the deadly snare?

3. When shall the sov'reign grace

Of my forgiving God
Restore me from those dang'rous ways
My wand'ring feet have trod?

Volume I.

4. The tumult of my thoughts
Doth but enlarge my wo;
My spirit languishes, my heart
Is desolate and low.

5. With ev'ry morning light
My sorrow new begins:
Look on my anguish and my pain,
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6. Behold the hosts of hell,
How cruel is their hate?
Against my life they rise and join
Their fury with deceit.

7. O keep my soul from death,
Nor put my hope to shame,
For I have plac'd my only trust
In my Redeemer's name.

8. With humble faith I wait
To see thy face again;
Of Israel it ne'er shall be said
He fought the Lord in vain.

PSALM XXVI.

Selfexamination, or, Evidences of grace.

JUDGE me O Lord and prove my ways,
And try my reins and try my heart;
My faith upon thy promise stays,
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2. I hate to walk I hate to sit
With men of vanity and lies;
The scoffer and the hypocrite
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes. 8

3. Amongst thy saints will I appear
With hands wellwash'd in innocence,
But when I stand before thy bar
The blood of Christ is my defence. 12

4. I love thy habitation Lord,
The temple where thine honours dwell,
There shall I hear thine holy word,
And there thy works of wonder tell. 16

5. Let not my soul be join'd at last
With men of treachery and blood,
Since I my days on earth have past
Among the saints and near my God. 20

PSALM XXVII. ver. 1,—6. The first part.

The church is our delight and safety.

THE Lord of glory is my light
And my salvation too;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do. 4

2. One privilege my heart desires;
O grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God! 8

3. There shall I offer my requests;
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love;
And there inquire thy will. 12

4. When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion where
He makes my soul abide. 16

5. Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound. 20

PSALM XXVII. ver. 8, 9, 13, 14. Second part.

Prayer and hope.

Soon as I heard my Father say
"Ye children seek my grace,"
My heart reply'd without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face." 4

2. Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away;
God of my life I fly to thee
In a distressing day. 8

3. Should friends and kindred near and dear
Leave me to want or die
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply. 12

4. My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief
 Had not my soul believ'd
 To see thy grace provide relief,
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd. 16

5. Wait on the Lord ye trembling saints
 And keep your courage up,
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope *. 20

PSALM XXIX.

Storm and thunder.

Give to the Lord ye sons of Fame,
 Give to the Lord renown and pow'r,
 Ascribe due honours to his name,
 And his eternal might adore. 4

2. The Lord proclaims his pow'r aloud
 Over the ocean and the land,
 His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command. 8

3. He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
 Lay the wide forests bare around;
 The fearful hart and frighted hind
 Leap at the terror of the sound. 12

* The xxviiiith Psalm has scarce any thing new but what is repeated in other Psalms.

4. To Lebanon he turns his voice,
And lo! the stately cedars break;
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The vallies roar the deserts quake. 16

5. The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thund'rer reigns for ever King,
But makes his church his blest abode;
Where we his awful glories sing. 20

6. In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of his grace imparts:
Amidst the raging storm his word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts. 24

PSALM XXX. The first part.

Sickness healed and sorrow removed.

I Will extol thee Lord on high,
At thy command diseases fly;
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave. 4

2. Sing to the Lord ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your pow'rs rejoice, and bless
While you record his holiness. 8

3. His anger but a moment stays,
His love is life and length of days:
'Tho' grief and tears the night employ
The morning-star restores the joy. 12

PSALM XXX. ver. 6. The second part.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd it would ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,

"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er departing off." 4

2. But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,

My health was gone, my comforts dy'd." 8

3. I cry'd aloud to thee, my God, when wilt thou turn?

"What canst thou profit by my blood?"

"Deep in the dust can I declare I now am dead?"

"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?" 12

4. "Hear me, O God of grace," I said, "and bring me from among the dead?"

Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt;

Thy pard'ning love remov'd my guilt. 16

5. My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,

Are turn'd to joy and praises now;

I throw my sackcloth on the ground,

And ease and gladness gird me round. 20

6. My tongue, the glory of my frame,

Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;

Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heav'n;

For sickness heal'd and sins forgiv'n. 24

PSALM XXXI. VER. 5, 13,—19, 22, 23. First part.

Deliverance from death.

INTO thine hand O God of truth
My spirit I commit,
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death
And sav'd me from the pit.

2. The passions of my hope and fear
Maintain'd a doubtful strife
While sorrow, pain, and sin, conspir'd
To take away my life.

3. "My times are in thine hand," I cry'd,
"Tho' I draw near the dust:"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
The God in whom I trust.

4. O make thy reconciled face
Upon thy servant shine;
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5. ['Twas in my haste my spirit said
"I must despair and die,
"I am cut off before thine eyes;"
But thou hast heard my cry.]

6. Thy goodness how divinely free!
How wondrous is thy grace
To those that fear thy majesty
And trust thy promises!

7 O love the Lord all ye his saints
And sing his praises loud,
He'll bend his ear to your complaints
And recompense the proud.

PSALM XXXI. ver. 7,—13, 18,—21. Second part.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

My heart rejoices in thy name
My God, my help, my trust;
Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
Mine honour from the dust.

2. "My life is spent with grief," I cry'd,
"My years consum'd in groans,
"My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
"And sorrow wastes my bones."

3. Among mine enemies my name
Was a mere proverb grown;
While to my neighbours I became
Forgotten and unknown.

4. Slander and fear on every side
Seiz'd and beset me round;
I to the throne of grace apply'd
And speedy rescue found.

5. How great deliv'rance thou hast wrought
Before the sons of men!
The lying lips to silence brought,
And made their boastings vain.

5. Thy children from the strife of tongues,
 Shall thy pavilion hide,
 Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
 And crush the sons of pride. 24

7. Within thy secret presence Lord
 Let me for ever dwell,
 No fenced city wall'd and barr'd
 Secures a saint so well. 28

PSALM XXXII. Short Metre.

Forgiveness of sin upon confession.

O Blessed souls are they
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
 Divinely bless'd to whom the Lord
 Imputes their guilt no more. 4

2. They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives without deceit
 Shall prove their faith sincere. 8

3. While I conceal'd my guilt
 I felt the fest'ring wound,
 Till I confess'd my sins to thee
 And ready pardon found. 12

+ I have much transposed the parts of this Psalm, that I might unite the verses of the same sense and subject nearer together, and contract them into two divine hymns.

4. Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne;
 Our help in times of deep distress
 Is found in God alone. 16

PSALM XXXII. Common Metre.

Free pardon and sincere obedience, or, Confession and forgiveness.

HAPPY the man to whom his God
 No more imputes his sin,
 But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
 Hath made his garments clean: 4

2. Happy beyond expression he
 Whose debts are thus discharg'd,
 And from the guilty bondage free
 He feels his soul enlarg'd. 8

3. His spirit hates deceit and lies,
 His words are all sincere;
 He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
 To keep his conscience clear. 12

4. While I my inward guilt suppress,
 No quiet could I find;
 Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
 And rack'd my tortur'd mind. 16

5. Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
 My secret sins reveal'd;
 Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,
 Thy grace my pardon seal'd. 20

6. This shall invite thy saints to pray
 When like a raging flood
 Temptations rise, our strength and stay
 Is a forgiving God.

PSALM XXXII. First part. Long Metre.

Repentance and free pardon, or, Justification and sanctification.

BLESS'D is the man, for ever blest'd,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2. Blest'd is the man to whom the Lord
 Imputes not his iniquities;
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works but grace relies.

3. From guile his heart and lips are free;
 His humble joy his holy fear
 With deep repentance well agree,
 And join to prove his faith sincere.

4. How glorious is that righteousness
 That hides and cancels all his sins!
 While a bright evidence of grace
 Thro' his whole life appears and shines.*

* These two first verses of this Psalm being cited by the apostle in the ivth chapter of *Romans*, to shew the freedom of our pardon and justification by grace without works, I have in this version of it enlarged the sense by mention of the blood of Christ and faith and repentance; and because the Psalmist adds — *a spirit in which is no guile*, I have inserted that sincere obedience which is a scriptural evidence of our faith and justification.

PSALM XXXII. Second part. Long Metre.

A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

WHILE I keep silence and conceal
My heavy guilt within my heart,
What torments doth my conscience feel,
What agonies of inward smart!

2. I spread my sins before the Lord,
And all my secret faults confess;
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,
Thine holy Spirit seals the grace.

3. For this shall ev'ry humble soul
Make swift addresses to thy seat;
When floods of huge temptations roll
There shall they find a blest retreat.

4. How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
When days grow dark and storms appear!
And when I walk thy watchful eye
Shall guide me safe from ev'ry snare.

PSALM XXXIII. First part. Common Metre.

Works of creation and Providence.

REJOICE ye righteous in the Lord;
This work belongs to you;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
Now holy, just and true.

2. His mercy and his righteousness

Let heav'n and earth proclaim,
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

3. His wisdom and almighty word

The heav'nly arches spread,
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

4. He bid the liquid waters flow

To their appointed deep,
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.

5. Ye tenants of the spacious earth

With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

6. He scorns the angry nations' rage,

And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands thro' ev'ry age,
And in full glory shines.

PSALM XXXIII. Second part. Common Metre.

Creatures vain and God allsufficient.

BLESS'D is the nation where the Lord
Hath fix'd his gracious throne,
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,
And calls their tribes his own.

2. His eye with infinite survey

Does the whole world behold;
He form'd us all of equal clay,
And knows our feeble mould.

3. Kings are not rescu'd by the force

Of armies from the grave,
Nor speed nor courage of an horse
Can the bold rider save.

4. Vain is the strength of beasts or men

To hope for safety thence,
But holy souls from God obtain
A strong and sure defence.

5. God is their fear and God their trust

When plagues or famine spread;
His watchful eye secures the just
Among ten thousand dead.

6 Lord let our hearts in thee rejoice,

And bless us from thy throne,
For we have made thy word our choice,
And trust thy grace alone.

PSALM XXXIII. as the 113th Psalm. First part.

Works of creation and Providence.

Ye holy souls in God rejoice,
Your Maker's praise becomes your voice:
Great is your theme, your songs be new;
Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
His works of nature and of grace,
How wise and holy, just and true.

2. Justice and truth he ever loves,
And the whole earth his goodness proves,
His word the heav'nly arches spread,
How wide they shine from north to south,
And by the Spirit of his mouth
Were all the starry armies made.

3. He gathers the wide flowing seas:
Those wat'ry treasures know their place
In the vast storehouse of the deep:
He spake, and gave all nature birth,
And fires, and seas, and heav'n, and earth,
His everlasting orders keep.

4. Let mortals tremble and adore
A God of such resistless pow'r
Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
Vain are your thoughts and weak your hands,
But his eternal counsel stands,
And rules the world from age to age.

PSALM XXXIII. as the 113th Psalm. Second part.

Creatures vain and God all sufficient.

O Happy nation where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word
And builds his church by his earthly throne:
His eye the Heathen world surveys,
He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways,
But God their Maker is unknown.

2. Let kings rely upon their host,
And of his strength the champion boast:
In vain they boast, in vain rely;
In vain we trust the brutal force
Or speed or courage of a horse
To guard his rider or to fly.

3. The eye of thy compassion Lord
Doth more secure defence afford
When deaths or dangers threat'ning stand:
Thy watchful eye preserves the just
Who make thy name their fear and trust
When wars or famine waste the land.

4. In sickness or the bloody field
Thou our Physician, thou our Shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne:
We wait to see thy goodness shine,
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

PSALM XXXIV. First part. Long Metre.

God's care of the saints; or, Deliverance by prayer.

LORD, I will bless thee all my days,
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
My soul shall glory in thy grace,
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2. Come, magnify the Lord with me, and let us
Come, let us all exalt his name:
I fought th' eternal God, and be-
Has not expos'd my hope to shame: 8
3. I told him all my secret grief;
My secret groaning reach'd his ears,
He gave my inward pains relief,
And calm'd the tumult of my fears: 12
4. To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
A beam of mercy from the skies
Fills them with light and joy divine: 16
5. His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord:
O fear and love him all his saints,
Taste of his grace and trust his word: 20
6. The wild young lions pinch'd with pain
And hunger roar thro' all the wood,
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
Nor want supplies of real good: 24

PSALM XXXIV. VERSE 1. — 22. Second part.

Long Metre.

Religious education, or, Instructions of piety.

CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope your parents' joy,
Attend the counsels of my tongue;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ. 4

2. If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

3. The eyes of God regard his saints;
His ears are open to their cries;
He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4. To humble souls and broken hearts
God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
When men in deep contrition lie.

5. He tells their tears, he counts their groans,
His Son redeems their souls from death;
His Spirit heals their broken bones,
They in his praise employ their breath.

PSALM XXXIII. vers. 1-10. First part.

Common Metre.

Prayer and praise for eminent deliverance.

I'll bless the Lord from day to day;
How good are all his ways!
Ye humble souls that use to pray
Come help my lips to praise

2. Sing to the honour of his name
How a poor sutt'rer cry'd,
Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
Nor was his suit deny'd.

3. When threat'ning sorrows round me flood,
And endless fears arose,
Like the loud billows of a flood
Redoubling all my woes, 12

4. I told the Lord my sore distress
With heavy groans and tears,
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenc'd all my fears. 16

PAUSE.

5. [O sinners come and taste his love,
Come learn his pleasant ways,
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace. 20

6. He bids his angels pitch their tents
Round where his children dwell;
What ills their heav'nly care prevents
No earthly tongue can tell.] 24

7. [O love the Lord ye saints of his;
His eye regards the just;
How richly blest their portion is
Who make the Lord their trust! 28

8. Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar
And famish in the wood,
But God supplies his holy poor
With ev'ry needful good.] 32

PSALM XXXIV: ver. 11, — 22. Second part

Common Metre.

Exhortations to peace and holiness

COME children learn to fear the Lord, Now bleed
 And that your days be long With all the love of his
 Let not a false or spiteful word And fight against the
 Be found upon your tongues Who fight against the

2. Depart from mischief, practise love, I was
 Pursue the works of peace, I will
 So shall the Lord your ways approve I will
 And set your souls at ease. I will

3. His eyes awake to guard the just, They
 His ears attend their cry; And
 When broken spirits dwell in dust I will
 The God of grace is nigh. I will

4. What tho' the sorrows here they taste I will
 Are sharp and tedious too And
 The Lord who saves them all at last They
 Is their supporter now. I will

5. Evil shall smite the wicked dead, I will
 But God secures his own, Before
 Prevents the mischief when they slide, The
 Or heals the broken bone. I will

6. When desolation like a flood They
 O'er the proud sinner rolls, I will
 Saints find a refuge in their God, I will
 For he redeem'd their souls. I will

PSALM XXXV. VER. 1, — 9. First part. Common Metre.

*Prayer and faith of persecuted saints, or, Imprecations
mixed with charity.*

Now plead my cause almighty God
With all the sons of strife,
And fight against the men of blood
Who fight against my life. 4

2. Draw out thy spear and stop their way,
Lift thine avenging rod,
But to my soul in mercy say
"I am thy Saviour God." 8

3. They plant their snares to catch my feet,
And nets of mischief spread;
Plunge the destroyers in the pit
That their own hands have made. 12

4. Let fogs and darknefs hide their way,
And slipp'ry be their ground;
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
And all their rage confound. 16

5. They fly like chaff before the wind,
Before thine angry breath;
The angel of the Lord behind
Pursues them down to death. 20

6. They love the road that leads to hell;
Then let the rebels die
Whose malice is implacable
Against the Lord on high. 24

7. But if thou hast a chosen few
Amongst that impious race,
Divide them from the bloody crew
By thy surprising grace. 28

8. Then will I raise my tuneful voice
To make thy wonders known;
In their salvation I'll rejoice,
And bless thee for my own. 30

PSALM XXXIV. ver. 12, 13, 14. Second part.

*Love to enemies, or, The love of Christ to sinners typified
in David.*

BEHOLD the love, the gen'rous love,
That holy David shows;
Hark how his sounding bowels move
To his afflicted foes! 4

† Stanza vi. Among the imprecations that David uses against his adversaries in this Psalm I have adventured to turn the edge of some of them away from personal enemies against the implacable enemies of God in the world. --- Stanza vii, viii. Agreeably to the spirit of the gospel I have here further mollified these imprecations by a charitable distinction and petition for their souls, which spirit of evangelick charity appears so conspicuous in the 12th, 13th, and 14th verses of the Psalm, that I could not forbear to form them into a short distinct hymn, enlarging on that glorious character of a Christian *love to our enemies*, commanded so particularly, and so divinely exemplified, by Christ himself.

2. When they are sick his soul complains,
And seems to feel the smart;
The spirit of the gospel reigns
And melts his pious heart.

3. How did his flowing tears condole
As for a brother dead!
And fasting mortify'd his soul,
While for their life he pray'd.

4. They groan'd and curs'd him on their bed,
Yet still he pleads and mourns,
And double blessings on his head
The righteous God returns.

5. O glorious type of heav'nly grace!
Thus Christ the Lord appears;
While sinners curse the Saviour prays,
And pities them with tears.

6. He the true David, Israel's King,
Bless'd and belov'd of God,
To save us rebels dead in sin
Pay'd his own dearest blood.

PSALM XXXVI. ver. 5.—9. Long Metre.

The perfections and providence of God, or, General providence and special grace.

High in the heav'ns eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

* See the Notes on the first part of this Psalm.----Stanza i.
Sounding of the bowels is a scriptural metaphor, *Isa.* lxiii. 15.

2. For ever firm thy justice stands
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep. 3

3. Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care. 12

4. My God! how excellent thy grace!
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings. 16

5. From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast,
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste. 20

6. Life like a fountain rich and free
Springs from the presence of my Lord,
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word. 24

PSALM XXXVI. ver, 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 9. Common Metre.

*Practical atheism exposed, or, The being and attributes of
God asserted.*

WHILE men grow bold in wicked ways
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says
"Their thoughts believe there's none." 4

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2. Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace. 8

3. What strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!
But there's a hast'ning hour
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy pow'r. 12

4. Thy justice shall maintain its throne
Tho' mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep unfathom'd sea. 16

5. Above these heav'ns' created rounds
Thy mercies Lord extend;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end. 20

6. Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast;
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children chuse to rest. 24

[7. From thee when creature-streams run low
And mortal comforts die
Perpetual springs of life shall flow
And raise our pleasures high. 28

8. Tho' all created light decay
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.] 32

PSALM XXXVI. VER. 1.—7. Short Metre.

The wickedness of man and the majesty of God, or, Practical atheism exposed.

WHEN man grows bold in sin

My heart within me cries,

"He hath no faith of God within."

"Nor fear before his eyes."

[2. He walks a while conceal'd

In a self-flatt'ring dream,

Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd

Expose his hateful name.]

3. His heart is false and foul,

His words are smooth and fair,

Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,

And leaves no goodness there.

4. He plots upon his bed

New mischiefs to fulfil;

He sets his heart, and hand, and head,

To practise all that's ill.

5. But there's a dreadful God

Tho' men renounce his fear,

His justice hid behind the cloud

Shall one great day appear

6. His truth transcends the sky,

In heav'n his mercies dwell,

Deep as the sea his judgments lie,

His anger burns to hell.

7. How excellent his love,
Whence all our safety springs!
O never let my soul remove
From underneath his wings!

28

PSALM XXXVII. ver. 1,—15. First part.

The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief, or, The rewards of the righteous and the wicked, or, The world's hatred and the saint's patience.

WHY should I vex my soul and fret
To see the wicked rise,
Or envy sinners waxing great
By violence and lies?

4

2. As flow'ry grass cut down at noon
Before the ev'ning fades,
So shall their glories vanish soon
In everlasting shades.

8

3. Then let me make the Lord my trust
And practise all that's good,
So shall I dwell among the just,
And he'll provide me food.

12

4. I to my God my ways commit
And cheerful wait his will;
Thy hand which guides my doubtful feet
Shall my desires fulfil.

16

5. Mine innocence shalt thou display
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day
And glorious as the noon. 20

6. The meek at last the earth possess
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches with abundant peace
To humble souls are giv'n. 24

PAUSE.

7. Rest in the Lord and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise;
Tho' Providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice. 28

8. Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come. 32

9. They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,
Have bent the murd'rous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low. 36

10. My God shall break their bows and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts. 40

† I have turned the divine instructions at the beginning of
this Psalm into the form of holy purposes, as more affecting
and lively.

PSALM XXXVII. ver. 16, 21, 26, — 31. Second part.

Charity to the poor, or, Religion in words and deeds.

WHY do the wealthy wicked boast

And grow profanely bold?

The meanest portion of the just

Excels the sinner's gold.

2. The wicked borrows of his friends

But ne'er designs to pay,

The saint is merciful and lends,

Nor turns the poor away.

3. His alms with lib'ral heart he gives

Amongst the sons of need,

His mem'ry to long ages lives,

And blessed is his feed.

4. His lips abhor to talk profane,

To slander or defraud,

His ready tongue declares to men

What he has learn'd of God.

5. The law and gospel of the Lord

Deep in his heart abide;

Led by the Spirit and the Word

His feet shall never slide.

6. When sinners fall the righteous stand

Preserv'd from ev'ry snare;

They shall possess the promis'd land

And dwell for ever there.

PSALM XXXVII. ver. 23,—37. Third part.

The way and end of the righteous and wicked.

My God! the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will,
Tho' they should fall they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

2. The Lord delights to see their ways,
Their virtue he approves;
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace
Nor leave the men he loves.

3. The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home;
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

4. Wait on the Lord ye sons of men!
Nor fear when tyrants frown;
Ye shall confess their pride was vain
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE

5. The haughty sinner have I seen
Nor fearing man nor God,
Like a tall baytree fair and green
Spreading his arms abroad;

6. And lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf, was found
Where all that pride had been.

7. But mark the man of righteouſneſs,
His ſev'ral ſteps attend;
True pleaſure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end †. 28

PSALM XXXVIII.

*Guilt of conſcience and relief, or, Repentance and prayer for
pardon and health.*

AMIDST thy wrath remember love,
Reſtore thy ſervant Lord,
Nor let a father's chaſt'ning prove
Like an avenger's ſword. 4

2. Thine arrows ſtick within my heart,
My fleſh is ſorely preſt;
Between the ſorrow and the ſmart
My ſpirit finds no reſt. 8

3. My ſins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me t' atone. 12

4. My thoughts are like a troubled ſea,
My head ſtill bending down,
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown. 16

† This long Psalm abounds with uſeful inſtructions and encouragements to piety, but the verſes are very much unconnected and independent, therefore I have contracted and tranſpoſed them ſo as to reduce them to three hymns of a moderate length, and with ſome connexion of the ſenſe.

5. Lord I am weak and broken fore,
None of my pow'rs are whole,
The inward anguish makes me roar,
The anguish of my soul. 20

6. All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts ev'ry tear,
And ev'ry sigh and ev'ry groan
Is notic'd by thine ear. 24

7. Thou art my God, my only hope,
My God will hear my cry,
My God will bear my spirit up
When Satan bids me die. 28

[8. My foot is ever apt to slide,
My foes rejoice to see 't;
They raise their pleasure and their pride
When they supplant my feet. 32

9. But I'll confess my guilt to thee
And grieve for all my sin,
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
And beg support divine. 36

10. My God! forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh;
O Lord of my salvation haste
Before thy servant die! 40

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 1, 2, 3. First part.

Watchfulness over the tongue, or, Prudence and zeal.

THUS I resolv'd before the Lord,

"Now will I watch my tongue,

"Left I let slip one sinful word

"Or do my neighbour wrong."

2. And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay

With men of lives profane,

I'll set a double guard that day,

Nor let my talk be vain.

3. I'll scarce allow my lips to speak

The pious thoughts I feel,

Left scoffers should th' occasion take

To mock my holy zeal.

4. Yet if some proper hour appear

I'll not be overaw'd,

But let the scoffing sinners hear

That we can speak for God †.

† I have not confined myself here to the sense of the Psalmist, but have taken occasion from the three first verses to write a short hymn on the government of the tongue.

PSALM XXXIX. VER. 4, 5, 6, 7. Second part.

The vanity of man as mortal.

TEACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame!

I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2. A span is all that we can boast,
An inch or two of time:

Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r and prime.

3. See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain,
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all the noise is vain.

4. Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
Some dig for golden ore,
They toil for heirs they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.

5. What should I wish or wait for then
From creatures earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain
And disappoint our trust.

6. Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desires recall,
I give my mortal int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM XXXIX. ver. 9,—13. Third part.

Sickbed devotion, or, Pleading without repining.

GOD of my life look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will. 4

2. Diseases are thy servants Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word
Against thy chast'ning hand. 8

3. Yet I may plead with humble cries
Remove thy sharp rebukes:
My strength consumes my spirit dies
Thro' thy repeated strokes. 12

4. Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble pow'rs can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost. 16

[5. This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam and all his num'rous race
Are vanity and smoke.] 20

6. I'm but a sojourner below
As all my fathers were;
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the summons hear. 24

7. But if my life be spar'd a while,
 Before my last remove,
 Thy praise shall be my bus'ness still,
 And I'll declare thy love.

PSALM XL. ver. 1, 2, 3, 5, —17. First Part.

Common Metre.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

I Waited patient for the Lord,
 He bow'd to hear my cry,
 He saw me reeling on his word
 And brought salvation nigh.

2. He rais'd me from a horrid pit
 Where mourning long I lay,
 And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
 Deep bonds of miry clay.

3. Firm on a rock he made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful tongue
 To praise the wonders of his hand
 In a new thankful song.

4. I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
 The saints with joy shall hear,
 And sinners learn to make my God
 Their only hope and fear.

5. How many are thy thoughts of love,
 Thy mercies Lord how great!
 We have not words nor hours enough
 Their numbers to repeat.

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6. When I'm afflicted, poor, and low,
 And light and peace depart,
 My God beholds my heavy wo
 And bears me on his heart. 24

PSALM XL. ver. 6,—9. Second part. Common Metre.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

THUS saith the Lord, "Your work is vain,
 "Give your burnt off'rings o'er,
 "In dying goats and bullocks slain
 "My soul delights no more." 4

2. Then spake the Saviour, "Lo I'm here
 "My God to do thy will;
 "Whate'er thy sacred books declare
 "Thy servant shall fulfil. 8

3. "Thy law is ever in my sight,
 "I keep it near my heart;
 "Mine ears are open'd with delight
 "To what thy lips impart." 12

4. And see! the bless'd Redeemer comes,
 Th' Eternal Son appears,
 And at th' appointed time assumes
 The body God prepares. 16

5. Much he reveal'd his Father's grace,
 And much his truth he shew'd,
 And preach'd the way of righteousness
 Where great assemblies stood. 20

6. His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
He pity'd finners' cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's part
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

7. No blood of beasts on altars shed
Could wash the conscience clean,
But the rich sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our sin.

8. Then was the great salvation spread,
And Satan's kingdom shook:
Thus by the woman's promis'd seed
The serpent's head was broke †.

† If David had written this Psalm in the days of the gospel surely he would have given a much more express and particular account of the sacrifice of Christ, as he hath done of his preaching, ver. 9, 10. and enlarged as Paul does in *Heb. x. 4, 5, 6.* where this Psalm is cited. I have done no more therefore in this paraphrase than what I am persuaded the Psalmist himself would have done in the time of Christianity.—The scriptures which I have used here on this occasion are, *Heb. x. 4.* It is not possible the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sin; ver. 5. A body hast thou prepared me; John vii. 18. I seek the glory of him that sent me; *Heb. x. 26.* He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself; *Gen. iii. 15.* The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.

Oij

PSALM XL. ver. 5,—10. Long Metre.

Christ our sacrifice.

THE wonders Lord! thy love has wrought
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
 Should I attempt the long detail
 My speech would faint my numbers fail.

2. No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
 Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt,
 But thou hast set before our eyes
 An allsufficient sacrifice.

3. Lo thine eternal Son appears,
 To thy designs he bows his ears,
 Assumes a body will prepar'd,
 And well performs a work so hard.

4. "Behold I come," the Saviour cries,
 With love and duty in his eyes;
 "I come to bear the heavy load
 Of sins, and do thy will my God."

5. "'Tis written in thy great decree,
 "'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
 "I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
 "And lo thy law is in my heart.

6. "I'll magnify thy holy law,
 "And rebels to obedience draw,
 "When on my cross I'm lifted high,
 "Or to my crown above the sky.

7. "The Spirit shall descend and show
 "What thou hast done and what I do;
 "The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace;
 "Thy wisdom and thy righteousness." 28

PSALM XLI. VER. 1, 2, 3.

Charity to the poor, or, Pity to the afflicted.

BLESS'D is the man whose bowels move
 And melt with pity to the poor,
 Whose soul by sympathizing love
 Feels what his fellow saints endure. 4

2. His heart contrives for their relief
 More good than his own hands can do;
 He in the time of gen'ral grief
 Shall find the Lord has bowels too. 8

3. His soul shall live secure on earth
 With secret blessings on his head
 When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
 Around him multiply their dead. 12

† Besides some of the scriptures mentioned under the former metre I have here made use of these also, 1 Job. iii. 5. *The Son of God was manifested*, &c.; 1 Pet. ii. 24. *He bare our sins*; Isa. xlii. 21. *He will magnify the law and make it honourable*; John xii. 32. *If I be lifted up I will draw all men to me*; John xvi. 14. *The Spirit shall receive of mine and shew it unto you*.

O ij

4. Or if he languish on his couch,
 God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
 Will save him with a healing touch,
 Or take his willing soul to heav'n † 16

PSALM XLII. ver. 1,—5. The first part.

Desertion and hope, or, Complaint of absence from public worship.

WITH earnest longings of the mind
 My God to thee I look;
 So pants the hunted hart to find
 And taste the cooling brook. 4

2. When shall I see thy courts of grace
 And meet my God again?
 So long an absence from thy face
 My heart endures with pain. 8

3. Temptations vex my weary soul,
 And tears are my repast;
 The foe insults without control,
 "And where's your God at last?" 12

† The ten last verses of this Psalm are of quite another subject, relating to David's personal enemies, which being so frequently repeated I have often omitted.—The positive blessings of long life, health, recovery, and security, in the midst of dangers, being so much promised in The Old Testament, and so little in The New, I have given a turn at the end of this hymn to discourage a too confident expectation of these temporal things, and led the soul to heavenly hopes more agreeable to the gospel.

4. 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
 I think on ancient days,
 Then to thy house did numbers go,
 And all our work was praise.

5. But why my soul sunk down so far
 Beneath this heavy load?
 Why do my thoughts indulge despair
 And sin against my God?

6. Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
 Can all thy woes remove,
 For I shall yet before him stand
 And sing restoring love.

PSALM XLIII. VER. 6.—II. The second part.

Melancholy thoughts reprieved, or, Hope in afflictions.

My spirit sinks within me Lord,
 But I will call thy name to mind,
 And times of past distress record,
 When I have found my God was kind.

2. Huge troubles with tumultuous noise
 Swell like a sea and round me spread;
 Thy waterspouts drown all my joys,
 And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3. Yet will the Lord command his love
 When I address his throne by day,
 Nor in the night his grace remove,
 The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4. I'll cast myself before his feet,
 And say, "My God, my heav'nly Rock!
 "Why doth thy love so long forget
 "The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?" 16

5. I'll chide my heart that sinks so low;
 Why should my soul indulge her grief?
 Hope in the Lord and praise him too;
 He is my rest, my sure relief. 20

6. Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
 Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
 And lead me to thine heav'nly hill,
 My God, my most exceeding joy! 24

PSALM XLIV. VER. 1, 2, 3, 8, 13,—26.

The church's complaint in persecution.

LORD we have heard thy works of old,
 Thy works of pow'r and grace,
 When to our ears our fathers told
 The wonders of their days; 4

2. How thou didst build thy churches here
 And make thy gospel known;
 Amongst them did thine arm appear,
 Thy light and glory shone. 8

† The xliind Psalm is so near akin to this that I have omitted it, only borrowing the 3d and 4th verses to conclude this hymn.

3. In God they boasted all the day,
And in a cheerful throng
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
And grace was all their song. 12

4. But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
Confusion fills our face,
To hear the enemy blaspheme,
And fools reproach thy grace. 16

5. Yet have we not forgot our God,
Nor falsely dealt with Heav'n,
Nor have our steps declin'd the road
Of duty thou hast giv'n; 20

6. Tho' dragons all around us roar
With their destructive breath,
And thine own hand has bruise'd us sore
Hard by the gates of death. 24

PAUSE

7. We are expos'd all day to die
As martyrs for thy cause,
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
By sharp and bloody laws. 28

8. Awake, arise, almighty Lord!
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
Why should we look like men abhorr'd
Or banish'd from thy face? 32

9. Wilt thou for ever cast us off
And still neglect our cries,
For ever hide thine heav'nly love
From our afflicted eyes? 36

10. Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
And dies upon the ground;
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
And all their pow'rs confound. 40

11. Redeem us from perpetual shame
Our Saviour and our God;
We plead the honours of thy name,
The merits of thy blood. 44

PSALM XLV. Short Metre.

The glory of Christ, the success of the gospel, and the Gentile church.

My Saviour and my King
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And ev'ry grace is thine. 4

2. Now make thy glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty to spread
The conquests of thy word. 8

3. Strike thro' thy stubborn foes,
Or melt their hearts t'obey,
While justice, meekness, grace and truth,
Attend thy glorious way. 12

4. Thy laws O God are right,
Thy throne shall ever stand,
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand. 16

[5. Thy Father and thy God
Hath without measure shed
His Spirit like a joyful oil
T' anoint thy sacred head.] 20

[6. Behold at thy right hand
The Gentile church is seen
Like a fair bride in rich attire,
And princes guard the queen.] 24

7. Fair bride receive his love,
Forget thy father's house,
Forfake thy gods, thy idol gods,
And pay thy Lord thy vows. 28

8. O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ,
Thy children shall his honours sing
In palaces of joy †. 32

PSALM XLV. Common Metre.

The personal glories and government of Christ.

I'll speak the honours of my King;
His form divinely fair,
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare. 4

† This Psalm is a description of the personal glories of Christ and the success of his gospel, and probably it refers to the Gentile church, because she is bid to forget her father's house, all under the type of Solomon's marriage to Pharaoh's daughter. —Stanza v. John iii. 34. God giveth not the spirit by measure unto him.

2. Sweet is thy speech, and heav'nly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crown'd thy sacred head. 8

3. Gird on thy sword victorious Prince,
Ride with majestick sway,
Thy terrors shall strike thro' thy foes
And make the world obey. 12

4. Thy throne O God for ever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands
To rule the saints by love. 16

5. Justice and truth attend thee still,
But mercy is thy choice;
And God thy God thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys. 20

PSALM XLV. The first part. Long Metre.

The glory of Christ and power of his gospel.

Now be my heart inspir'd to sing
The glories of my Saviour King,
Jesus the Lord; how heav'nly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are! 4

2. O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superiour grace,
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose. 8

3. Dress thee in arms most mighty Lord!
Gird on the terror of thy sword,
In majesty and glory ride
With truth and meekness at thy side. 12

4. Thine anger like a pointed dart
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart,
Or words of mercy kind and sweet
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet. 16

5. Thy throne O God for ever stands,
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right,
Justice and grace are thy delight. 20

6. God thine own God has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head,
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest. 24

PSALM XLV. Second part. Long Metre.

Christ and his church, or, The mystical marriage.

THE King of saints how fair his face,
Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
He comes with blessings from above
And wins the nations to his love. 4

2. At his right hand our eyes behold
The queen array'd in purest gold,
The world admires her heav'nly dress,
Her robe of joy and righteousness. 8

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3. He form'd her beauties like his own,
 He calls and seats her near his throne :
 Fair stranger let thine heart forget
 The idols of thy native state. 12

4. So shall the King the more rejoice
 In thee the fav'rite of his choice :
 Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
 For he 's thy Maker and thy Lord. 16

5. O happy hour when thou shalt rise
 To his fair palace in the skies,
 And all his sons (a num'rous train)
 Each like a prince in glory reign. 20

6. Let endless honours crown his head,
 Let ev'ry age his praises spread,
 While we with cheerful songs approve
 The condescensions of his love †. 24

PSALM XLVI. First part.

The church's safety and triumph among national desolations.

God is the refuge of his saints
 When storms of sharp distress invade;
 Ere we can offer our complaints
 Behold him present with his aid. 4

2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
 Down to the deep and bury'd there,
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
 Our faith shall never yield to fear. 8

† See the Notes on the short metre.

3. Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide
While ev'ry nation ev'ry shore
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide. 12

4. There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode. 16

5. That sacred stream thine Holy Word,
That all our raging fear controls?
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls. 20

6. Sion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threat'ning hour,
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and arm'd with pow'r. 24

PSALM XLVI. Second part.

God fights for his church.

LET Sion in her King rejoice
Tho' tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
He utters his almighty voice,
The nations melt, the tumult dies. 4

2. The Lord of old for Jacob fought;
And Jacob's God is still our aid;
Behold the works his hand has wrought,
What desolations he has made. 8

3. From sea to sea thro' all the shores
He makes the noise of battle cease;
When from on high his thunder roars
He awes the trembling world to peace. 12

4. He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;
Keep silence all the earth, and hear
The sound and glory of his name. 16

5. "Be still, and learn that I am God,
"I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
"I will be known and fear'd abroad,
"But still my throne in Sion stands." 20

6. O Lord of hosts, almighty King!
While we so near thy presence dwell
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
Defiance to the gates of hell. 24

PSALM XLVII. METRIC.

Christ ascending and reigning.

O For a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ
And hymns of triumph sing. 4

2. Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heav'nly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky
With trumpets' joyful sound. 8

3. While angels shout and praise their King;
 Let mortals learn their strains;
 Let all the earth his honour sing;
 O'er all the earth he reigns.

4. Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
 Let knowledge lead the song,
 Nor mock him with a solemn sound
 Upon a thoughtless tongue.

5. In Israel stood his ancient throne;
 He lov'd that chosen race;
 But now he calls the world his own,
 And Heathens taste his grace.

6. The British islands are the Lord's,
 There Abra'm's God is known,
 While pow'rs and princes shields and swords
 Submit before his throne †.

PSALM XLVIII. ver. 1,—8. The first part.

The church is the honour and safety of a nation.

[GREAT is the Lord our God,
 And let his praise be great,
 He makes his churches his abode,
 His most delightful seat.

† The ascent of Christ into heaven is typified in this Psalm by the ark brought up to Sion, 2 Sam. vi. 15. ; and the kingdom of Christ among the Gentiles is here represented by David's victory over the nations, ver. 3. I have chosen to omit the type, and do honour to my ascending and reigning Saviour in more express language.

2. These temples of his grace
How beautiful they stand,
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land. 1

3. In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Thro' all her palaces! 2

4. When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty fear. 3

5. When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempest roaring loud
And sinks them in the seas. 4

6. Oft' have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been. 5

7. In ev'ry new distress
We'll to his house repair,
We'll think upon his wondrous grace
And seek deliv'rance there. 6

PSALM XLVIII. VER. 10, — 14. The second part.

The beauty of the church, or, Gospel-worship and order.

FAR as thy name is known

The world declares thy praise;

Thy saints O Lord before thy throne

Their songs of honour raise;

2. With joy let Judah stand

On Sion's chosen hill,

Proclaim the wonders of thy hand

And counsels of thy will;

3. Let strangers walk around

The city where we dwell;

Compass and view thine holy ground;

And mark the building well;

4. The orders of thy house,

The worship of thy court,

The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;

And make a fair report;

5. How decent and how wise,

How glorious to behold!

Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,

And rites adorn'd with gold;

6. The God we worship now

Will guide us till we die,

Will be our God while here below,

And ours above the sky.

"I'll give it to my land"

PSALM XLIX. ver. 6, 14. First part.

Common Metre.

Pride and death, or, The vanity of life and riches.

WHY doth the man of riches grow
To insolence and pride,
To see his wealth and honours flow
With ev'ry rising tide

[2. Why doth he treat the poor with scorn;
Made of the selfsame clay,
And boast as tho' his flesh was born
Of better dust than they]

3. Not all his treasures can procure
His soul a short reprieve,
Redeem from death one guilty hour,
Or make his brother live

[4. Life is a blessing can't be sold;
The ransom is too high;
Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold
That man may never die.]

5. He sees the brutish and the wise,
The tim'rous and the brave,
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
And hasten to the grave

6. Yet 't is his inward thought and pride
"My house shall ever stand,
"And that my name may long abide
"I'll give it to my land."

7. Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost;
How soon his mem'ry dies;
His name is written in the dust;
Where his own carcass lies. 23

PAUSE

8. This is the folly of their way,
And yet their sons as vain
Approve the words their fathers say
And act their works again. 32

9. Men void of wisdom and of grace,
If honour raise them high,
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
And like the beast they die. 36

10. Laid in the grave like silly sheep
Death feeds upon them there,
Till the last trumpet breaks their sleep
In terrour and despair. 46

PSALM XLIX. ver. 14, 15. Second part.
Common Metre.

Death and the resurrection.

Ye sons of pride that hate the just
And trample on the poor,
When death has brought you down to dust
Your pomp shall rise no more. 4

4. Heav'n from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,
 And earth and hell shall know and fear
 His justice and their doom.

5. "But gather all my saints," he cries,
 "That made their peace with God
 "By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 "And seal'd it with his blood.

6. "Their faith and works brought forth to light
 "Shall make the world confess
 "My sentence of reward is right,
 "And heav'n adore my grace."

PSALM L. VER. 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23. Second part.
 Common Metre.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

THUS saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,
 "And flocks and herds, are mine;
 "O'er all the cattle of the hills
 "I claim a right divine.

2. "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 "Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
 "To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 "Is all that I require.

3. "Call upon me when trouble's near,
 "My hand shall set thee free,
 "Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 "The honour due to me.

4. "The man that offers humble praise
 "He glorifies me best,
 "And those that tread my holy ways
 "Shall my salvation taste." 16

PSALM L. ver. 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22. Third part.

Common Metre.

The judgment of hypocrites.

WHEN Christ to judgment shall descend
 And saints surround their Lord,
 He calls the nations to attend
 And hear his awful word. 4

2. "Not for the want of bullocks slain
 "Will I the world reprove;
 "Altars, and rites, and forms, are vain
 "Without the fire of love. 8

3. "And what have hypocrites to do
 "To bring their sacrifice?
 "They call my statutes just and true
 "But deal in theft and lies. 12

4. "Could you expect to 'scape my sight
 "And sin without control?
 "But I shall bring your crimes to light
 "With anguish in your soul." 16

5. Consider ye that slight the Lord
 Before his wrath appear;
 If once you fall beneath his sword
 There's no deliv'rer there. 20

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PSALM L. Third part. Long Metre.

Hypocrisy exposed.

THE Lord the Judge his churches warns;
 Let hypocrites attend and fear
 Who place their hopes in rites and forms
 But make not faith nor love their care.

2. Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
 With lips of falsehood and deceit;
 A friend or brother they defame,
 And sooth and flatter those they hate.

3. They watch to do their neighbours wrong,
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
 They take his cov'nant on their tongue
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4. To Heav'n they lift their hands unclean,
 Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
 By night they practise ev'ry sin,
 By day their mouths draw near to God.

5. And while his judgments long delay
 They grow secure and sin the more;
 They think he sleeps as well as they,
 And put far off the dreadful hour.

6. O dreadful hour! when God draws near
 And sets their crimes before their eyes!
 His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
 And no deliv'rer dare to rise †.

† This Psalm having a plain reference to the last judgment I have in the first part omitted every thing that might obscure

PSALM L. To a new tune.

The last judgment.

THE Lord the Sov'reign sends his summons forth,
 Calls the south nations and awakes the north;
 From east to west the sounding orders spread
 Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
 His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!
 Behold the Judge descends! his guards are high,
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
 Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come
 To hear his justice and the sinner's doom:
 But gather first my saints the Judge commands,
 Bring them ye angels from their distant lands:
 Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
 Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
 And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
 That paid the ancient worship or the new:
 There's no distinction here: come, spread their thrones,
 And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons:
 I their almighty Saviour and their God,
 I am their Judge: ye heav'n's proclaim abroad

the sense of it. — The latter part of this Psalm being designed
 to expose and terrify all formal worshippers and hypocrites, I
 have formed two or three hymns on that subject with some
 transposition and paraphrase of the verses; but I have kept the
 same introduction still by repeating the first verse of the Psalm.

My just eternal sentence, and declare
 Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
 Sinners in Sion tremble and retire,
 I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5. Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
 Without the flames of love; in vain the store
 Of brutal off'rings that were mine before:
 Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
 Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

6. If I were hungry would I ask thee food?
 When did I thirst or drink thy bullocks' blood?
 Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastick vows?
 Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold
 Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold?

7. Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to
 A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these, [please
 While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue
 Thou lov'st deceit and dost thy brother wrong?
 In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
 Thieves and adult'ers are thy chosen friends.

8. Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,
 But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
 And cherish such an impious thought within
 That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?
 Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
 And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9. Sinners awake betimes, ye fools be wise, behold
Awake before this dreadful morning rise, [mend;
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works a-
Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend,
Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear
Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near. 54

To the old proper tune.

The last judgment.

THE God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations and awakes the north,
From east to west the sov'reign orders spread
Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
The trumpet sounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices,
Lift up your heads ye saints with cheerful voices. 6
2. No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

† In this metre, as in some of the former, I have taken evident occasion from this Psalm to represent the last judgment, and have therefore left out those verses that seem to interrupt that sense. — Stanza iii. All the saints have made a covenant with God by sacrifice, (as in the text) and as it were set their names to God's covenant of grace, ratified by the sacrifice of Christ of eternal virtue, though the Jews did it in the ancient forms of worship, and the Gentiles in the new. — Stanza vi. vii. As the Jewish formal worshippers contented themselves with burnt-offerings, &c. and trusted in them, so hypocrites in Christianity build their hopes upon outward forms, gay ceremonies, rigid austerities, fanciful vows, &c.

Behold the Judge descends! his guards are nigh,
 Tempests and fire attend him down the sky:
 When God appears all nature shall adore him;
 While sinners tremble saints rejoice before him.

3. "Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things
 "To hear my justice and the sinner's doom:— [come
 "But gather first my saints," the Judge commands,
 "Bring them ye angels from their distant lands."

When Christ returns wake ev'ry cheerful passion,
 And shout ye saints; he comes for your salvation. 18

4. "Behold my cov'nant stands for ever good,
 "Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,
 "And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
 "That paid the ancient worship or the new!"
 There's no distinction here; join all your voices,
 And raise your heads ye saints, for Heav'n rejoices. 24

5. "Here," saith the Lord, "ye angels spread their
 thrones,

"And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons:

"Come my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd

"Ere time began, 't is your divine reward."

When Christ returns wake ev'ry cheerful passion,
 And shout ye saints; he comes for your salvation. 30

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6. "I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,

"I am the Judge; ye heav'ns proclaim abroad

"My just eternal sentence, and declare

"Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear."

When God appears all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble saints rejoice before him. 136

7. "Stand forth thou bold blasphemer and profane;

"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threat'nings vain

"Thou hypocrite, once dress'd in saints' attire; 11 "

"I doom the painted hypocrite to fire." 12 "

Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices, I

Lift up your heads ye saints with cheerful voices. 143

8: "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain "

"Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are in vain "

"Without the flames of love; in vain the store 14 "

"Of brutal off'rings that were mine before: " 15 "

Earth is the Lord's, all nature shall adore him; 16 "

While sinners tremble saints rejoice before him. 148

9. "If I were hungry would I ask thee food? 17 "

"When did I thirst or drink thy bullocks' blood? 18 "

"Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed, [feed: " 19 "

"Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they 20 "

All is the Lord's, he rules the wide creation; 21 "

Gives sinners vengeance and the saints salvation. 154

10. "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows, "

"Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastick vows? 22 "

"Are thy eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold? 23 "

"Glaring in gems and gay in woven gold? " 24 "

God is the judge of hearts: no fair disguises 25 "

Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises. 60

Behold, this is the SECOND Psalm.

Ps. 11. "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope

"A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these, [to please

"While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue"

"Thou lov'st deceit and dost thy brother wrong?"

Judgment proceeds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices,

Lift up your heads ye saints with cheerful voices. 66

Ps. 12. "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends, All

"Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends:"

"While the false flatterer at my altar waits."

"His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."

God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises

Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises. 72

Ps. 13. "Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,"

"But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?"

"And cherish such an impious thought within"

"That the All-holy would indulge thy sin?"

See God appears, all nations join to adore him,

Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him. 78

Ps. 14. "Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,

"And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;"

"Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear"

"Thy bleeding heart and no deliverer near."

Judgment concludes, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices,

Lift up your heads ye saints with cheerful voices. 84

EPIPHONEMA.

Sinners awake betimes, ye fools be wise,
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise,
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works
 Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;
 Then join ye saints, wake ev'ry cheerful passion,
 When Christ returns he comes for your salvation †.

PSALM LI. The first part. Long Metre.

A penitent pleading for pardon.

SHew pity Lord, O Lord forgive!

Let a repenting rebel live:

Are not thy mercies large and free?

May not a sinner trust in thee?

2. My crimes are great, but not surpass

The pow'r and glory of thy grace:

Great God! thy nature hath no bound,

So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3. O wash my soul from ev'ry sin,

And make my guilty conscience clean!

Here on my heart the burden lies,

And past offences pain mine eyes.

† If the former heroick metre do not fit the old proper tune of the 50th Psalm for want of double rhymes at the end of every stanza, I have here altered the form of it much in order to fit it exactly to the proper tune, adding a chorus, or (as some call it) the burden of the song betwixt every four lines. I hope it will not be displeasing to the more musical part of my readers to be entertained with such a variety.

4. My lips with shame my sins confess
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord should thy judgment grow severe
I am condemn'd but thou art clear. 16

5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell
Thy righteous law approves it well. 20

6. Yet save a trembling sinner Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support, against despair, 24

PSALM LI. The second part. Long Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed.

LORD I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean,
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race and taints us all. 4

2. Soon as we draw our infant breath
The seeds of sin grow up for death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part. 8

[3. Great God! create my heart anew,
And form my spirit pure and true;
O make me wise betimes to spy
My danger and my remedy.] 12

4. Behold I fall before thy face;
My only refuge is thy grace;
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

5. No bleeding bird nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

6. Jesus my God! thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7. While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease,
Lord let me hear thy pard'ning voice,
And make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM LI. The third part. Long Metre.

The backslider restored, or, Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

* Stanza iv, v. Since the Psalmist seems to refer to the branch of hyssop, sprinkling the blood of the bird, and the running water, Levit. xiv. 51. I have here enlarged upon the insufficiency of all those rites for the cleansing of sin, which is the leprosy of the soul. — Stanza vi. Such a glorious occasion of introducing the blood of a Saviour could not be omitted here with justice to David or to Christ his son.

2. Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart. 8

3. I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thine holy joys my God restore,
And guard me that I fall no more. 12

4. Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son. 16

5. A broken heart my God, my King!
Is all the sacrifice I bring:
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice. 20

6. My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down O Lord with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die. 24

7. Then will I teach the world thy ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace,
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God. 28

8. O may thy love inspire my tongue!
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness †. 32

† The 17th verse, concerning the sacrifice of a broken heart, have here transposed to make an easier connexion.

PSALM LI. ver. 3.—13. The first part.

Common Metre.

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.

LORD I would spread my sore distress

And guilt before thine eyes;

Against thy laws against thy grace

How high my crimes arise!

2. Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell

And crush my flesh to dust,

Heav'n would approve thy vengeance well,

And earth must own it just.

3. I from the stock of Adam came

Unholy and unclean;

All my original is shame,

And all my nature sin.

4. Born in a world of guilt I drew

Contagion with my breath,

And as my days advanc'd I grew

A juster prey for death.

5. Cleanse me O Lord! and cheer my soul

With thy forgiving love;

O make my broken spirit whole

And bid my pains remove!

† Or it may be read *My nature prone to sin.*

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6. Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
Nor drive me from thy face;
Create anew my vicious heart,
And fill it with thy grace;

24

7. Then will I make thy mercy known
Before the sons of men,
Backsliders shall address thy throne;
And turn to God again.

28

PSALM LI. VER. 14.—17. The second part.

Common Metre.

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

O God of mercy! hear my call,
My loads of guilt remove,
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love;

2. Give me the presence of thy grace,
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness
And make thy praise my song.

3. No blood of goats nor heifer slain
For sin could e'er atone;
'The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4. A soul oppress'd with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
A humble groan a broken heart
Is our best sacrifice.

16

PSALM LIII. VER. 4, — 6.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

ARE all the foes of Sion fools
 Who thus devour her saints?
 Do they not know her Saviour rules
 And pities her complaints?
12. They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise,
 For God's revenging arm
 Scatters the bones of them that rise
 To do his children harm.
13. In vain the sons of Satan boast
 Of armies in array;
 When God has first despis'd their host
 They fall an easy prey.
14. O for a word from Sion's King
 Her captives to restore!
 Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
 And Judah weep no more.

PSALM LV. VER. 1, — 8, 16, 17, 18, 22.

*Common Metre.**Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.*

O God my refuge! hear my cries,
 Behold my flowing tears,
 For earth and hell my hurt devise
 And triumph in my fears.

The first part of this Psalm is the same with the fifth.

2. Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife
To shake my hope in God.

3. With inward pain my heartstrings sound;
I groan with ev'ry breath,
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death.

4. O were I like a feather'd dove,
And innocence had wings,
I'd fly and make a long remove
From all these restless things.

5. Let me to some wild desert go
And find a peaceful home,
Where storms of malice never blow,
Temptations never come.

6. Vain hopes and vain inventions all
To 'scape the rage of hell!
The mighty God on whom I call
Can save me here as well.

7. By morning light I'll seek his face,
At noon repeat my cry,
The night shall hear me ask his grace,
Nor will he long deny.

8. God shall preserve my soul from fear,
Or shield me when afraid;
Ten thousand angels must appear
If he command their aid.

4. Because they dwell at ease, they say,
 And no sad changes feel; the Lord sustains them all;
 They neither fear nor trust thy name,
 Nor learn to do thy will. 76

5. But I with all my cares
 Will lean upon the Lord;
 I'll cast my burden on his arm,
 And rest upon his work. 20

6. His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love;
 The ground on which their safety stands
 No earthly pow'r can move. 24

*Deliverance from oppression and falsehood, or, God's care
 of his people in answer to faith and prayer.*

O Thou whose justice reigns on high,
 And makes th' oppressor cease;
 Behold how envious sinners try
 To vex and break my peace. 4

2. The sons of violence and lies
 Join to devour me Lord;
 But as my hourly dangers rise
 My refuge is thy word. 8

3. In God, most holy, just, and true,
 I have repos'd my trust;
 Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
 The offspring of the dust. 12

4. They wrest my words to mischief still,
Charge me with unknown faults;
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,
And malice all their thoughts. 16

5. Shall they escape without thy frown?
Must their devices stand
O! cast the haughty sinner down
And let him know thy hand 20

6. God counts the sorrows of his faithful;
Their groans affect his ears;
Thou hast a book for my complaints,
A bottle for my tears. 24

7. When to thy throne I raise my cry
The wicked shall see
So swift is pray'r to reach the sky
So near is God to me. 28

8. In thee, most holy, just, and true!
I have repos'd my trust;
Nor will I fear what man can do
The offspring of the dust. 32

9. Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
Thou shalt receive my praise;
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word,
"How righteous all thy ways!" 36

10. Thou hast secur'd my soul from death,
O set thy pris'ner free!
That heart and hand and life and breath
May be employ'd for thee. 40

PSALM EVIL.

Praise for protection, grace, and truth.

My God! in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown;
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
Till the dark cloud is overblown:

2. Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,
The Lord will my desires perform;
He sends his angel from the sky
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

3. Be thou exalted O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

4. My heart is fix'd, my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake my tongue to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5. High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6. Be thou exalted O my God!
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

PSALM LXXII. or the Eighth Psalm.

Warning to magistrates.

JUDGES, who rule the world by laws,
 Will ye despise the righteous cause
 When th' injur'd poos before you stand?
 Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
 And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
 While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2. Have ye forgot, or never knew,
 That God will judge the judges too?
 High in the heav'ns his justice reigns;
 Yet you invade the rights of God,
 And send your bold decrees abroad
 To bind the conscience in your chains.

3. A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
 The arrow sharp the poison strong,
 And death attends wher'er it wounds:
 You hear no counsels, cries, or tears;
 So the deaf adder stops her ears
 Against the pow'r of charming sounds.

4. Break out their teeth eternal God!
 Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood,
 And crush the serpents in the dust;
 As empty chaff when whirlwinds rise,
 Before the sweeping tempest flies,
 So let their hopes and names be lost.

5. Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
 Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
 As hills of snow dissolve and run,
 Or snails that perish in their slime,
 Or births that come before their time;
 Vain births! that never see the sun.

6. Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
 Safety and joy to saints afford,
 And all that hear shall join and say
 "Sure there's a God that rules on high,
 "A God that hears his children cry,
 "And will their suff'rings well repay!"

PSALM LX. ver. 1, — 5, 10, — 12.

On a day of humiliation for disappointments in war.

LORD! hast thou cast the nation off?
 Must we for ever mourn?
 Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
 Shall mercy ne'er return?

2. The terror of one frown of thine
 Melts all our strength away;
 Like men that totter drunk with wine
 We tremble in dismay.

3. Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke
 And dreads thy threat'ning hand;
 O heal the island thou hast broke,
 Confirm the wav'ring land!

4. Lift up a banner in the field;
For those that fear thy name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5. Go with our armies to the fight
Like a confed'rate god;
In vain confed'rate pow'rs unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6. Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down
And makes the feeble stand.

PSALM LXI. VER. 1.—6.

Safety in God.

WHEN overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief
To Heav'n I lift mine eyes.

2. O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade!

3. Within thy presence Lord
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tow'r of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4. Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward
I shall possess the same.

PSALM LXII, ver. 3.—12.

No trust in the creatures, or, Faith in divine grace and power.

My spirit looks to God alone,
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

2. Trust him ye saints in all your ways,
Pour out your hearts before his face:
When helpers fail and foes invade
God is our allsufficient aid.

3. False are the men of high degree,
The baser sort are vanity;
Laid in the balance both appear
Light as a puff of empty air.

4. Make not increasing gold your trust,
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust;
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke;
And not believe what God has spoke?

5. Once has his awful voice declar'd,
Once and again my ears have heard,
"All pow'r is his eternal due;
He must be fear'd and trusted too."

6. For sov'reign Pow'r reigns not alone;
 Grace is a partner of the throne;
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord!
 Shall well divide our last reward.

PSALM LXIII. VER. 1, 2, 5, 3, 4. First part.

Common Metre.

The morning of a Lord's day.

EARLY my God! without delay,
 I haste to seek thy face;
 My thirsty spirit fain'ts away
 Without thy cheering grace.

2. So pilgrims on the scorching sand
 Beneath a burning sky
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

3. I've seen thy glory and thy pow'r
 Thro' all thy temple shine;
 My God! repeat that heav'nly hour,
 That vision so divine.

4. Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well
 As when thy richer grace I taste
 And in thy presence dwell.

5. Not life itself with all her joys
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice
 As thy forgiving love.

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6. Thus till my last expiring day
 I'll bless my God and King,
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing. 24

PSALM LXIII. ver. 6.—10. Second part. Com. Metre.

Midnight thoughts recollected.

'Twas in the watches of the night
 I thought upon thy pow'r,
 I kept thy lovely face in sight
 Amidst the darkest hour. 4

2. My flesh lay resting on my bed,
 My soul arose on high,
 "My God, my life, my hope!" I said,
 "Bring thy salvation nigh." 8

3. My spirit labours up thine hill,
 And climbs the heav'nly road,
 But thy right hand upholds me still
 While I pursue my God. 12

4. Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
 The shadow of thy wings,
 My heart rejoices in thine aid,
 My tongue awakes and sings. 16

5. But the destroyers of my peace
 Shall fret and rage in vain,
 The tempter shall for ever cease,
 And all my sins be slain. 20

6. Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
And send them down to dwell
In the dark caverns of the earth,
Or to the deeps of hell.

PSALM LXIII. Long Metre.

Longing after God, or, The love of God better than life.

GREAT God! indulge my humble claim,
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2. Thou great and good, thou just and wise!

Thou art my Father and my God,
And I am thine by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood.

3. With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look,
As travellers in thirsty lands
Hunt for the cooling water-brook.

4. With early feet I lov'd to appear
Among thy saints and seek thy face;
Oft' have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the pow'r of sov'reign grace.

5. Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
Nor all the joys our senses know,
Could make me so divinely blest,
Or raise my cheerful passion so.

6. My life itself without thy love
No taste of pleasure could afford,
'T would but a tiresome burden prove
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7. Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
When busy cares afflict my head,
One thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.

8. I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

PSALM, LXXI, Short Metre.

Seeking God.

My God! permit my tongue
This joy to call thee mine,
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

2. My thirsty fainting soul
Thy mercy doth implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

3. Within thy churches Lord
I long to find my place,
Thy pow'r and glory to behold,
And feel thy quick'ning grace.

4. For life without thy love

No relish can afford
No joy can be compar'd to this
To serve and please the Lord.

16

5. To thee I'll lift my hands,

And praise thee while I live;
Not all the dainties of a feast
Such food or pleasure give.

20

6. In wakeful hours at night

I call my god to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

24

7. Since thou hast been my help

To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

28

8. The shadow of thy wings

My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

32

† After I had finished the common metre of this Psalm I observed several pious turns of thought in Dr. Patrick's version, which I have copied in this metre, tho' with some difficulty, because of the shorter lines.

When Zion's God himself shall dwell
In terror and in righteousness.
With dreadful glory God will sit
What his afflicted saints require
And with Almighty wrath reveal
His love to give his churches rest.

S iii

PSALM LXV, I.—5. First part. Long Meter.

Publick prayer and praise.

THE praise of Sion waits for thee
My God! and praise becomes thy house;
There shall thy saints thy glory see,
And there perform their publick vows.

2. O Thou! whose mercy bends the skies
To save when humble sinners pray,
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,
And islands of the northern sea.

3. Against my will my sins prevail,
But grace shall purge away their stains;
The blood of Christ will never fail
To wash my garments white again.

4. Bless'd is the man whom thou shalt chuse,
And give him kind access to thee;
Give him a place within thy house
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5. Let Babel fear when Sion prays;
Babel! prepare for long distress:
When Sion's God himself arrays
In terrour and in righteousness.

6. With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request,
And with Almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

7. Then shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see the Saviour's name adored.

PSALM LXV. ver. 5. The second part.

Long Metres

Divine Providence in air, earth, and sea, or, The God of nature and grace.

THE God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears,
Yet when he comes with kind designs
Thro' all the way his terror shines.

2. On him the race of man depends
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3. Sailors that travel o'er the flood
Address their frighted souls to God
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4. He bids the noisy tempests cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds and loud as waves.

5. Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm;
 He settles in a peaceful form;
 Mountains establish'd by his hand
 Firm on their old foundations stand.

6. Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
 New comets blaze and lightnings fly;
 The Heathen lands with swift surprise
 From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7. At his command the morning ray
 Smiles in the east and leads the day;
 He guides the sun's declining wheels
 Over the tops of western hills.

8. Seasons and times obey his voice;
 The ev'ning and the morn rejoice
 To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
 Laden with fruit and dress'd in flow'rs.

9. 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high
 He gives the thirsty ground supply;
 He walks upon the clouds, and thence
 Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10. The desert grows a fruitful field;
 Abundant food the vallies yield;
 The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
 And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

11. The pastures smile in green array,
 There lambs and larger cattle play;
 The larger cattle and the lamb
 Each in his language speaks thy name.

12. Thy works pronounce thy pow'r divine;
 O'er ev'ry field thy glories shine;
 Thro' ev'ry month thy gifts appear:
 Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM. LXV. First part. Common Metre.

A prayer-bearing God, and the Gentiles called.

PRAISE waits in Sion, Lord! for thee,
 There shall our vows be paid;
 Thou hast an ear when sinners pray;
 All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2. Lord our iniquities prevail,
 But pard'ning grace is thine,
 And thou wilt grant us pow'r and skill
 To conquer ev'ry sin.

3. Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt chase
 To bring them near thy face,
 Give them a dwelling in thine house
 To feast upon thy grace.

4. In answer'ing what thy church requests
 Thy truth and terrour shine,
 And works of dreadful righteousness
 Fulfil thy kind design.

5. Thus shall the wond'ring nations see
 The Lord is good and just,
 And distant islands fly to thee
 And make thy name their trust.

6. They dread thy glitt'ring tokens Lord !
 When signs in heav'n appear,
 But they shall learn thy holy word
 And love as well as fear.

PSALM LXV. Second part. Common Metre.

The providence of God in air, earth, and sea, or, The blessing of rain.

'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
 God of eternal pow'r !
 The sea grows calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.

2. Thy morning light and ev'ning shade
 Successive comforts bring ;
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
 Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

3. Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
 Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine ;
 When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs
 The Author is divine.

4. Those wand'ring cisterns in the sky
 Borne by the winds around,
 With wat'ry treasures well supply
 The furrows of the ground.

5. The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear ;
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM. LXV. Third part. Common Metre.

The blessings of the spring, or, God gives rain.

A Psalm for the husbandman.

Good is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care,
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grafs appear.

4

2. The clouds like rivers rais'd on high
Pour out at thy command
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky
To cheer the thirsty land.

8

3. The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring,
The vallies rich provision yield,
And the poor lab'ers sing.

12

4. The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs,
The meadows drefs'd in all their pride
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

16

5. The barren clods refresh'd with rain
Promise a joyful crop,
The parched grounds look green again
And raise the reapers' hope.

20

6. The various months thy goodness crowns;
 How bounteous are thy ways!
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

24

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END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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